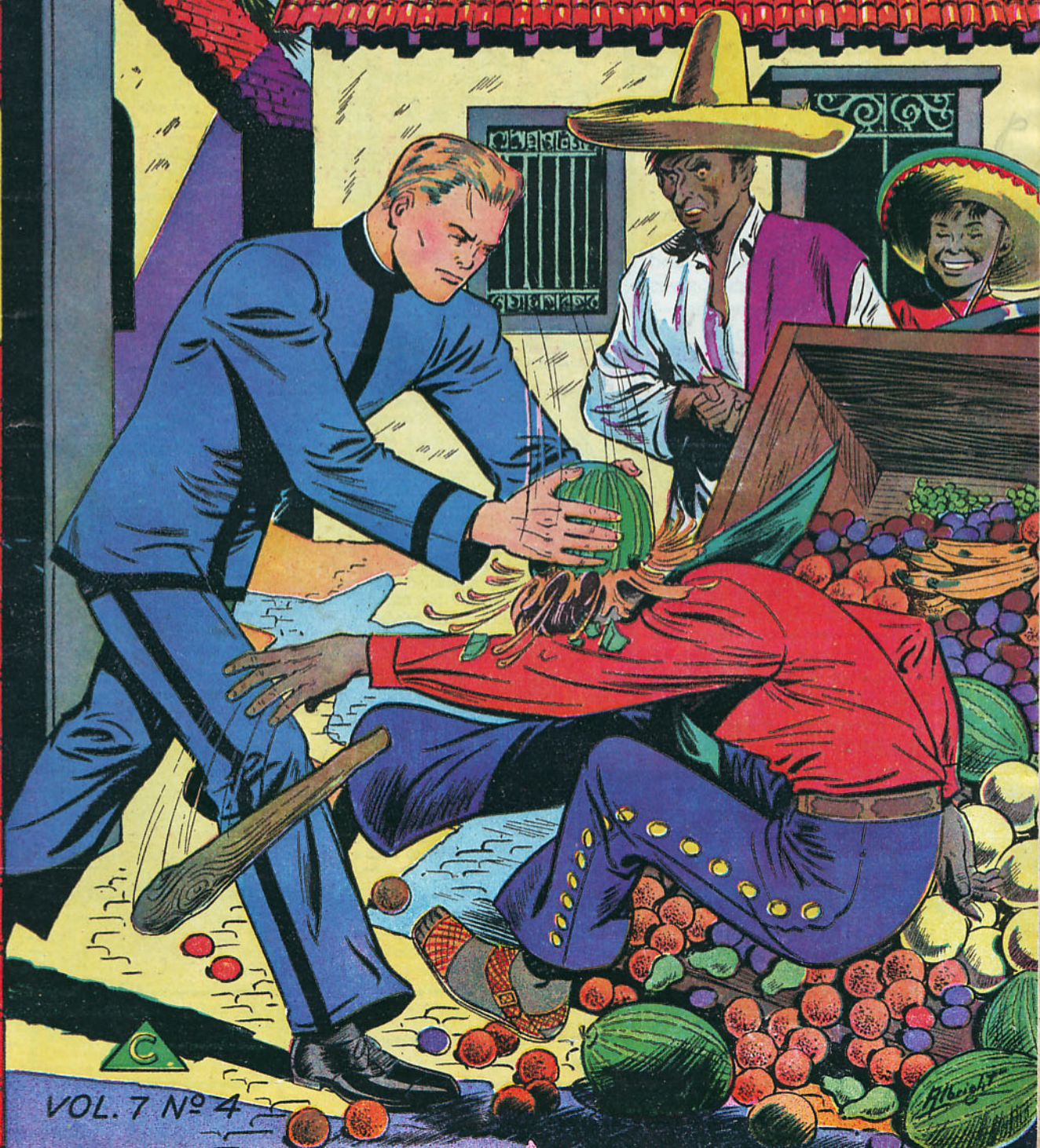


JUNE

TARGET

10¢

TARGET



VOL. 7 Nº 4



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM



TARGET HITS AND MISSES

Editors' Page



The Editors Write:

Greetings, Gang!

GARY STARK continues his exciting adventures in this issue of TARGET in Chapter Two entitled, "Slaves of The Skull" . . . and we're willing to bet you'll go for this story in a big way! Be sure and send us your comments.

Kit Carter and Dan Merry head for south of the border this month. It's spring vacation time at Dauntton and the Cadets are doing some first class globe trotting. Join them on this Mexican holiday and watch the fun. Our cover gives you a clue to the goings on!

An important plan we mustn't overlook, now that the war is won, is the school savings program for U. S. Savings Bonds which is active in schools throughout the country. The success of the entire program during the last four years has been made possible through our continued cooperation with the Treasury Department. We mustn't bog down now! As a nation, we have done much to avoid the dangers of inflation, and, as individuals, we have learned the value of systematic thrift and saving.

We Americans must realize the necessity, not only of holding the bonds we already have, but also of continuing regular Bond purchases. It's a plan that can't be beat. Get the school savings habit! Support the Savings Bond program in your school!

Cordially yours,

THE EDITORS

The Readers Write:

Dear Editors:

I just finished reading the March issue of TARGET. The Cadet, Dan'l Flannel and Candid Charlie are the best and next come Speck, Spot and Sis. I don't like the Target or the Chameleon and I wish you would have the Cadet take part in more sports.

Yours truly,
John Peterson
Atlanta, Georgia

Speck, Spot and Sis have moved from TARGET to the new comic book, HUMDINGER, John. You'll find HUMDINGER at your newsstand. Kit Carter takes part in several sports in this issue, and you'll be seeing him in many more.

Dear Editors:

I'd like TARGET COMICS very much if you could only arrange to have them come out quicker. I like Target and the Targeteers but in my opinion, their identity should not be known. The rest of the book is swell, especially the Cadet.

Sincerely yours,
Dick Westphal
Oshkosh, Wisconsin

You'll see a little more of TARGET COMICS this year, Dick, there will be twelve issues instead of ten.

Dear Editors:

The February issue of TARGET COMICS is tops in my little book. I just wanted to ask why you don't give Dan Merry a break? Why not let him be the hero for once?

A constant reader,
Marian Talafuse
Great Falls, Montana

Dan plays hero in the Spring issue of 4MOST, on sale at your newsstand, Marian.

Dear Editors:

I'm not much at writing in to magazines, but I couldn't help writing in to tell you editors what a fine job you are doing. I honestly think that TARGET is one of the best comics out because it is so realistic.

Yours truly,
Donald Ely
Decatur, Illinois

We're glad you chose our magazine to write to, Don. Thanks for your very nice letter.

Dear Editors:

I just got the February issue of TARGET COMICS, and I hate to tell you that I am not always interested in Target and the Targeteers. I like the Cadet and Dan'l Flannel best. The Targetoons are good, too.

Your truly,
Donald Tothe
Chicago, Ill.

We're glad you told us how you feel about the Target and Targeteers, Donald. We welcome criticism and helpful suggestions on any of our stories.

Dear Editors:

I am fifteen years old. Perhaps you think I'm too old to read comic books, but I really like TARGET.

I like the Cadet very much and I really enjoy the Q. and A. feature.

Sincerely yours,
Marie Vosika
Gregory, South Dakota

A great many of our readers are well over fifteen years of age, Marie. We appreciated your nice letter.

Dear Editors:

I'm not very good at writing to magazines, but I just had to write and tell you how much I enjoy reading TARGET COMICS. It has everything from A to Z. The only improvement I see that you can make is to put in a few more Targetoons.

A new TARGET fan,
Patricia Ann Brown
Tegucigalpa, Honduras, C. A.

We're glad to hear from a new reader, Patricia, and especially from one so far away.

Dear Editors:

I read and enjoy TARGET COMICS regularly and think it is fine except for Bull's-Eve Bill. I like the Cadet best and Dan'l Flannel next, the Target and Targeteers and Candid Charlie are fine, too, but I don't like Bull's-Eve Bill.

Sincerely yours,
Jim Parker
Punta Gorda, Florida

Wish you'd write again and tell us what you don't like about Bull's-Eve Bill, Jim. We'd like to hear from you.

ADDRESS YOUR MAIL TO TARGET, 119 WEST 19th ST., NEW YORK 11, N. Y.

\$1.00 will be sent to the writer of each letter published on this page.

25c will be sent if a portion of a letter is used.

THE CADET

Featuring **KIT CARTER**



SOUTH OF THE BORDER, DAUNTON'S ACE CADET, KIT CARTER, HAS A TOUGH JOB IMPRESSING FOLKS-- ESPECIALLY WHEN HE MYSTERIOUSLY FLOPS AT EVERYTHING HE ATTEMPTS! BUT WHEN KIT MEETS THE CAUSE OF HIS TROUBLES, HE MAKES AT LEAST ONE IMPRESSION--WITH A GOOD STIFF UPPERCUT!

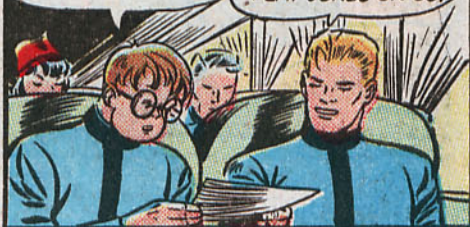
YIPPEE! THERE'S TULCO, KIT! WE'RE GONNA LAND! VIVA MEXICO! DAUNTON SALUTES YOU!

CALM DOWN, DAN!



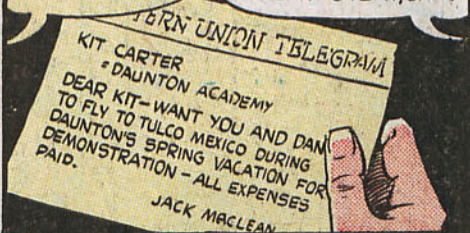
LEMME SEE THAT TELEGRAM AGAIN! I STILL CAN'T BELIEVE WE GET THIS TRIP FOR FREE!

JACK MACLEAN WAS ONE OF THE BEST TEACHERS DAUNTON EVER HAD. HE WOULDN'T PLAY JOKES ON US!



JEEPERS, WHAT CAN WE DEMONSTRATE THAT'S SO IMPORTANT?

MR. MACLEAN OUGHT TO BE AT THE AIRPORT TO EXPLAIN THE MYSTERY, DAN!



INTERN UNION TELEGRAM
KIT CARTER
"DAUNTON ACADEMY"
DEAR KIT--WANT YOU AND DAN
TO FLY TO TULCO MEXICO DURING
DAUNTON'S SPRING VACATION FOR
DEMONSTRATION - ALL EXPENSES
PAID.
JACK MACLEAN

Editor and General Manager—ROBERT D. WHEELER

Managing Editor—JANE SPAULDING NYE

Art Director—MEL CUMMIN

Associate Editor—PEGGY ANN CROWLEY

Editorial Assistant—HELEN DOIG SCHMID

TARGET COMICS Vol. 7, No. 4, June, 1946, published monthly, by Novelty Press Division of The Premium Service Co. Inc., P. O. Box 1198, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa., editorial offices, 119 West 19th Street, New York 11, N. Y. Printed in U. S. A., copyright, 1946, by The Premium Service Co. Inc. Price 10 cents per copy. Subscription price \$2.00 per year in U. S. A. Member of The Premium Group of Comics. Entered as Second-Class matter, December 5, 1939, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Pa., under Act of March 3, 1879. No living person named or delineated in this magazine except historical personages.

HI, BOYS! HOPE YOU BROUGHT YOUR BEST OF MUSCLES!

MUSCLES? GEE, MR. MCLEAN, ARE WE GOING TO FIGHT BULLS?

YOU'RE NOT GOING TO FIGHT BULLS--I JUST WANT YOU TO SHOW WHAT YOU'VE LEARNED AT DAUNTON ACADEMY!

SOON--

MACLEAN ACADEMY! SO THAT'S IT!

THE BUILDING'S FINE--BUT IT HASN'T ONE STUDENT!

TULCO NEEDS AN ACADEMY LIKE DAUNTON--ONLY TULCO'S CITIZENS DON'T KNOW IT! IT'S UP TO YOU BOYS TO SHOW TULCO WHAT IT'S MISSING!

I'VE PERSUADED THE LOCAL BIG SHOTS TO GATHER HERE TO SEE YOU DEMONSTRATE WRESTLING, TUMBLING, MARKSMANSHIP--EVERYTHING YOU'VE LEARNED!

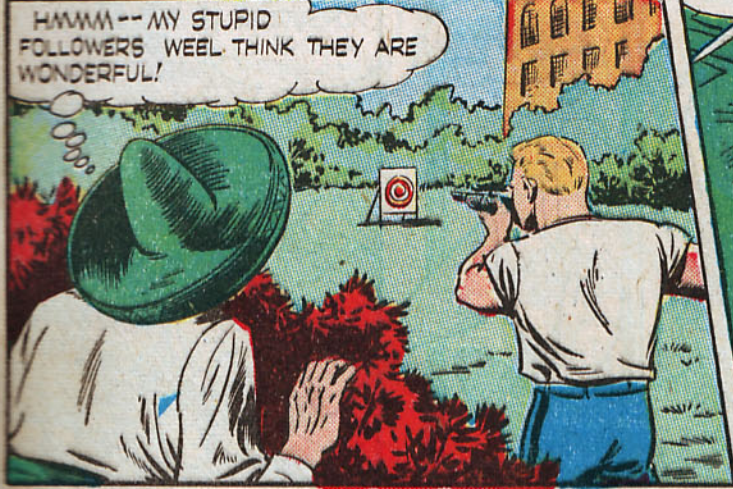
GOSH, WE BETTER WARM UP!

THAT'S THE STUFF! TULCO BOYS WILL DESERT JUAN GIRARDO'S GANG, AND SWARM TO MY SCHOOL TO LEARN THOSE TRICKS!

WHO'S THIS JUAN CHARACTER?

JUAN'S JUST A TROUBLE-MAKING KID WHO GETS ALL THE OTHER KIDS IN HOT WATER! BUT HIS BAD INFLUENCE IS ABOUT TO END!

AND JUAN GIRARDO HIMSELF, RESENTFULLY OBSERVES THE CADETS' SKILL ---



HMMM-- MY STUPID FOLLOWERS WEEL THINK THEY ARE WONDERFUL!

THAT'S ENOUGH, DAN! NOW FOR A SHOWER!



NO LONGER WEEL I BE BOSS--ONLESS THE STRANGERS MAKE FOOLS OF THEMSELVES!

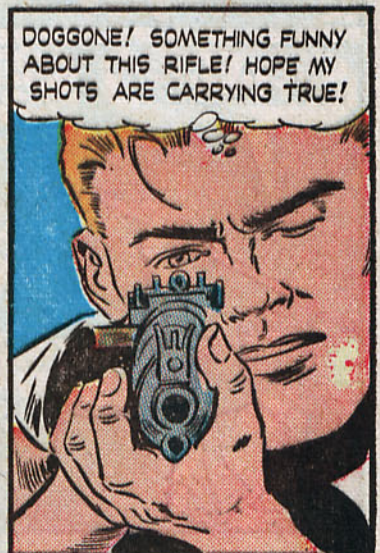


HA! I MAKE THE CADETS FAIL IN EVERYTHING, AND I REMAIN AS BEEG BOSS!

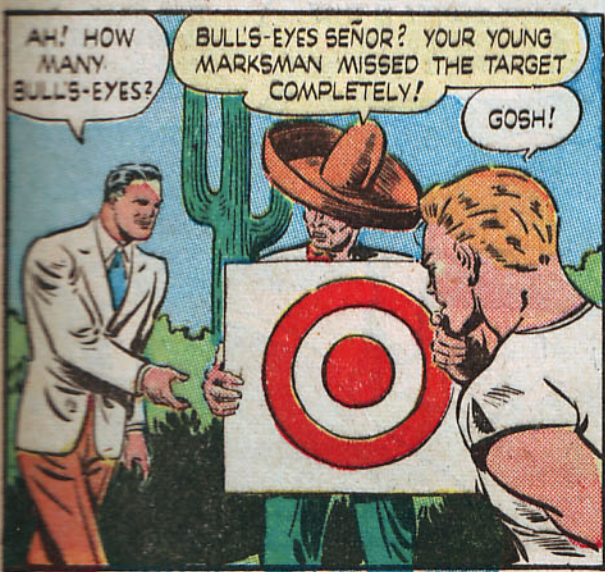


LATER ---

WE START WITH A DISPLAY OF RIFLE MARKSMANSHIP, AS TAUGHT IN DAUNTON!



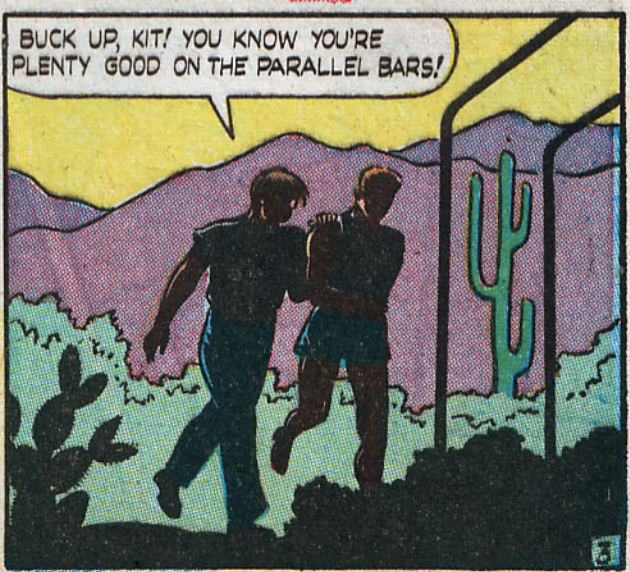
DOGGONE! SOMETHING FUNNY ABOUT THIS RIFLE! HOPE MY SHOTS ARE CARRYING TRUE!



AH! HOW MANY BULLS-EYES?

BULL'S-EYES SEÑOR? YOUR YOUNG MARKSMAN MISSED THE TARGET COMPLETELY!

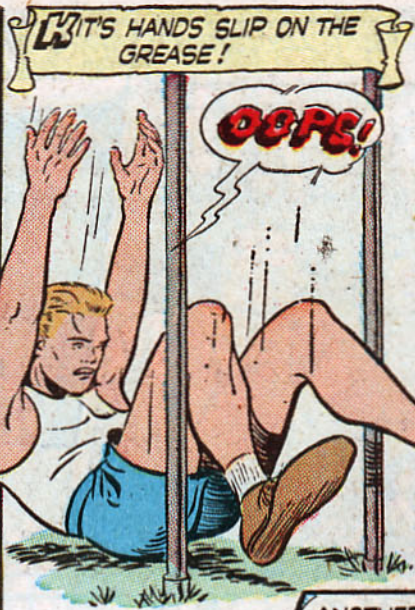
GOSH!



BUCK UP, KIT! YOU KNOW YOU'RE PLENTY GOOD ON THE PARALLEL BARS!



HA! HA! HOW CLEVER TO GREASE THE BARS!



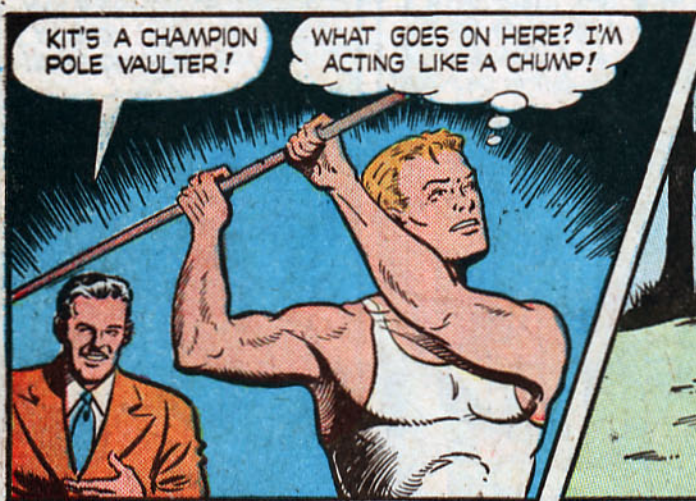
KIT'S HANDS SLIP ON THE GREASE!

OOOPS!



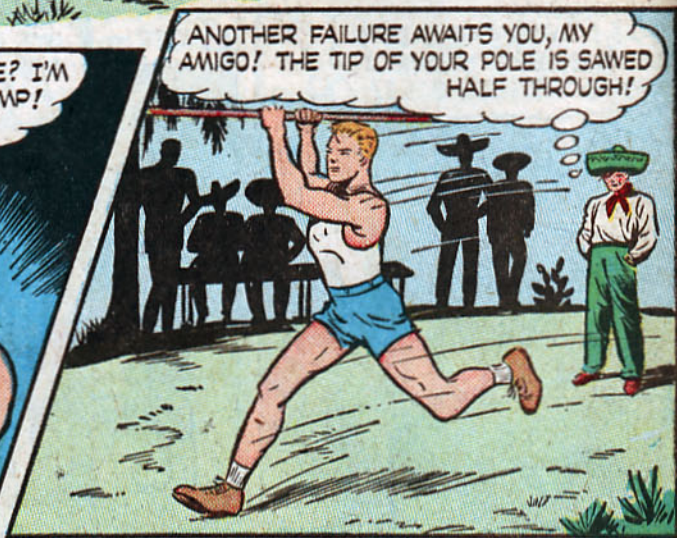
WELL, SENOR MACLEAN! IS SUCH HORSEPLAY A JOKE?

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND, GENTLEMEN! BUT WATCH FOR THE NEXT EVENT!

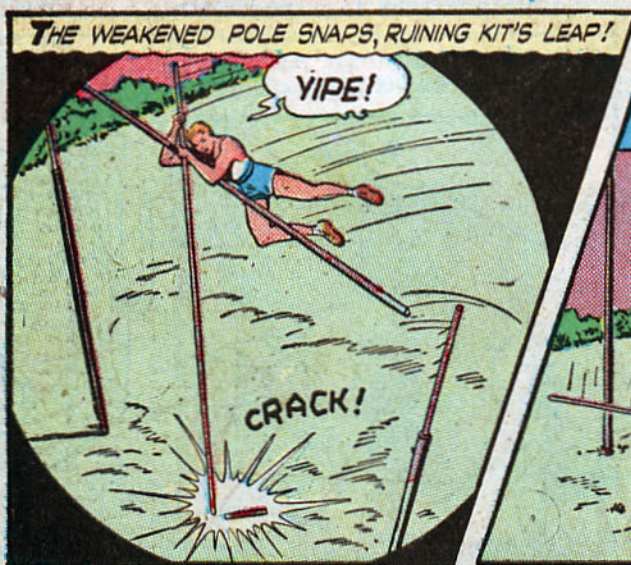


KIT'S A CHAMPION POLE VAULTER!

WHAT GOES ON HERE? I'M ACTING LIKE A CHUMP!



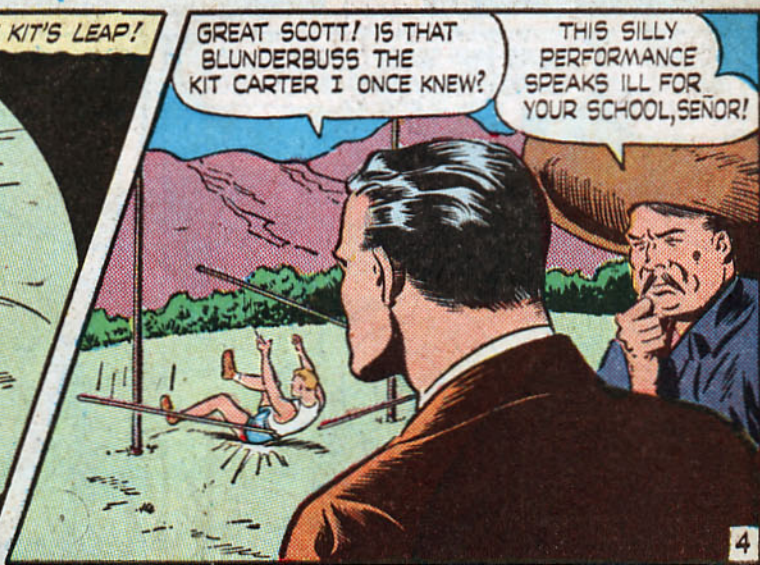
ANOTHER FAILURE AWAITS YOU, MY AMIGO! THE TIP OF YOUR POLE IS SAWED HALF THROUGH!



THE WEAKENED POLE SNAPS, RUINING KIT'S LEAP!

YIPE!

CRACK!



GREAT SCOTT! IS THAT BLUNDERBUSS THE KIT CARTER I ONCE KNEW?

THIS SILLY PERFORMANCE SPEAKS ILL FOR YOUR SCHOOL, SENOR!

YOU BETTER
TAKE OVER, DAN,
ONLY PLEASE
DON'T FORGET
HOW TO SWIM!

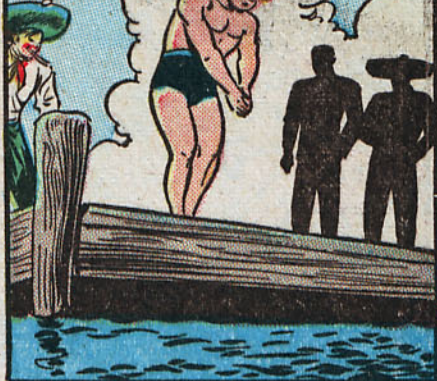
DON'T WORRY!
I'VE NEVER
BEEN IN BETTER
SHAPE!

TO THE LAKE,
PLEASE! SEE AN
EXHIBIT OF CHAM-
PIONSHIP SWIMMING!

I AM
BEGINNING
TO DOUBT
YOU,
SEÑOR
MACLEAN!

BUENO! THE
BEST TRICK OF
ALL AWAITS
HIM!

GEE! I GOTTA BE
GOOD, OR WE'LL ALL
LOOK LIKE FOOLS!

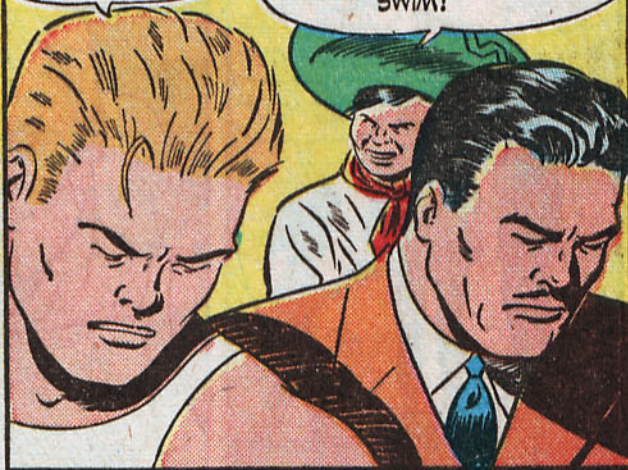


DAN DIVES, AND IS CAUGHT UNDERWATER
BY A SNARE!

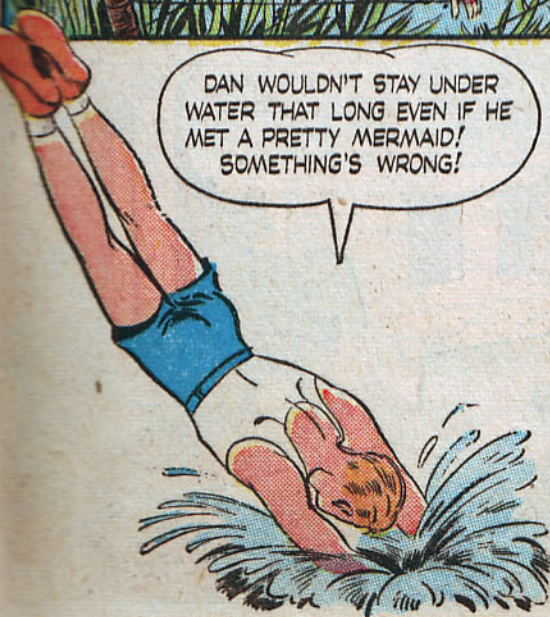


GEE! WHY DOESN'T
HE COME UP?

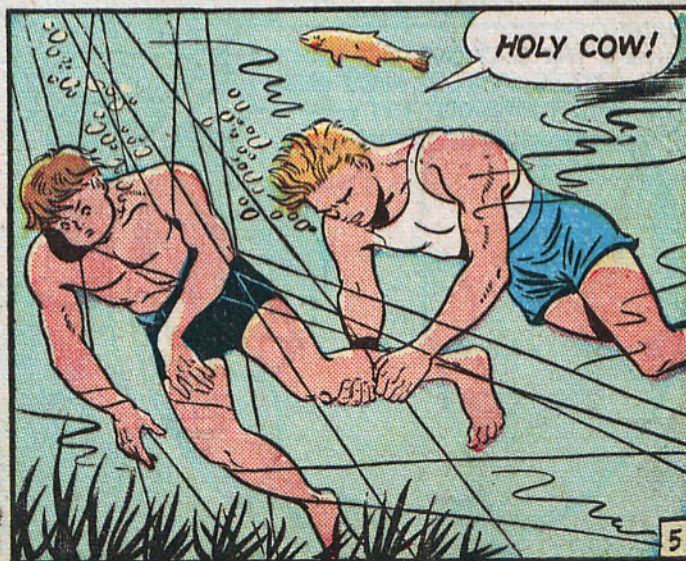
NO DOUBT HE IS A FRAUD,
LIKE YOU, SEÑOR, --AND CANNOT
SWIM!

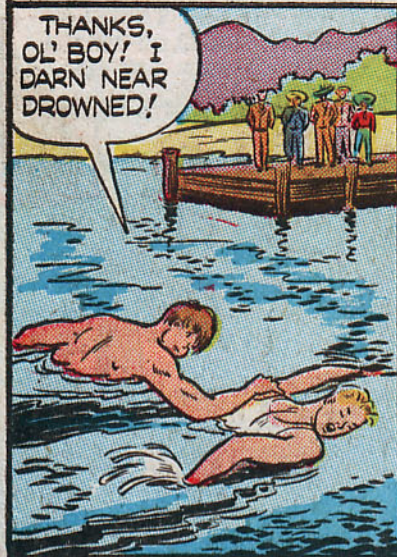


DAN WOULDN'T STAY UNDER
WATER THAT LONG EVEN IF HE
MET A PRETTY MERMAID!
SOMETHING'S WRONG!



HOLY COW!





THANKS,
OL' BOY! I
DARN NEAR
DROWNED!



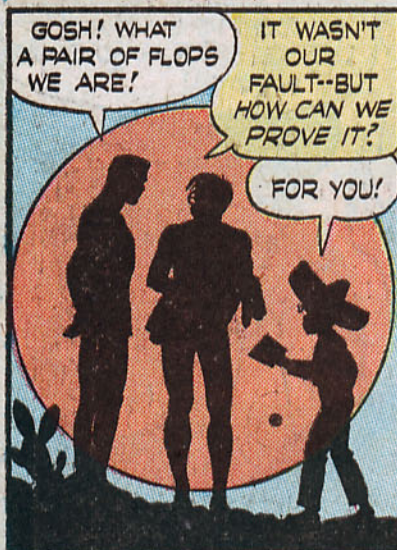
ENOUGH! THESE CADETS
ARE BLUNDERING IDIOTS!
NEVER WILL I LET MY SON
FOLLOW THEIR FOOTSTEPS!

NOR I! LET
US GO!



I'M RUINED! I PUT
ALL MY MONEY IN
THE SCHOOL--AND
NOW I'LL NEVER
GET A PUPIL!

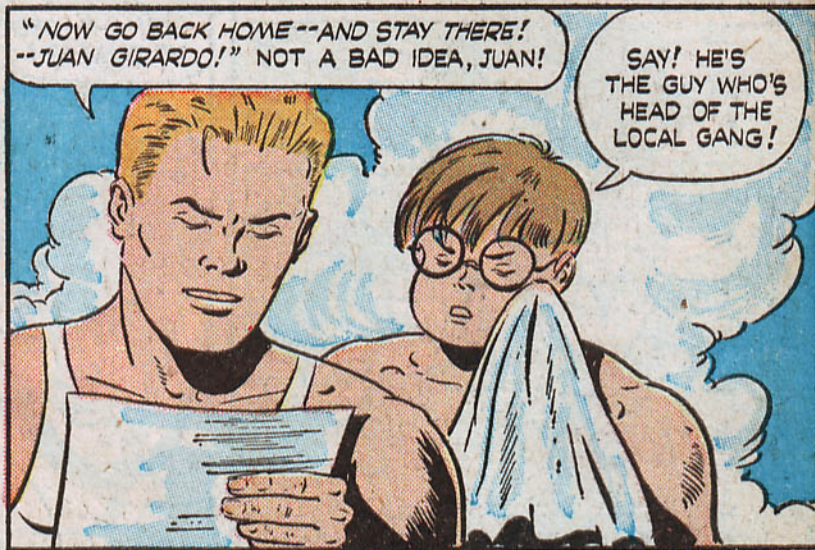
WE'RE
TERRIBLY
SORRY,
SIR!



GOSH! WHAT
A PAIR OF FLOPS
WE ARE!

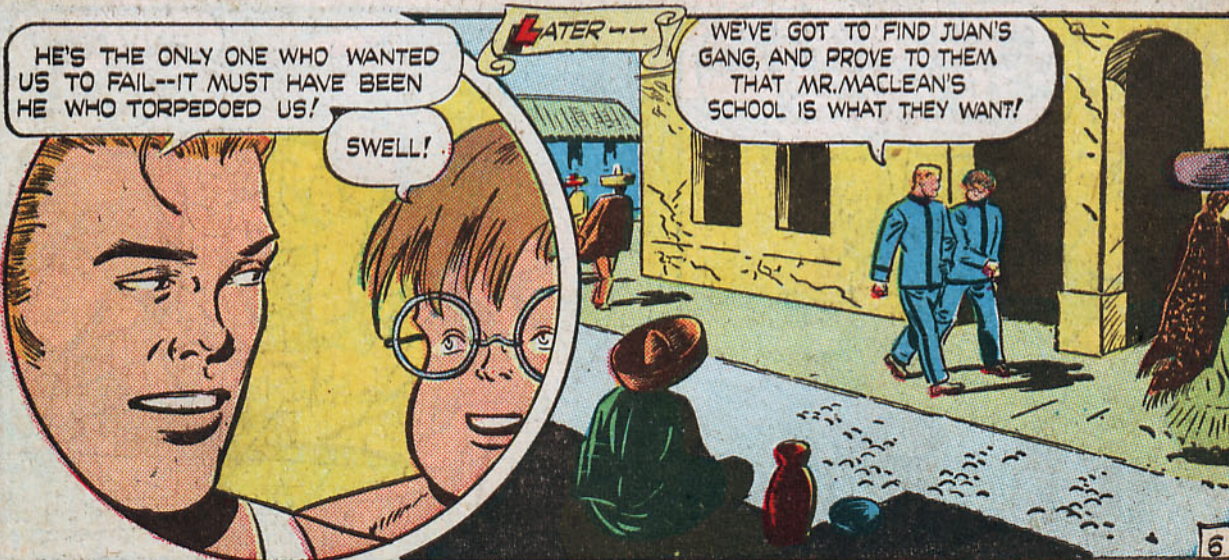
IT WASN'T
OUR
FAULT--BUT
HOW CAN WE
PROVE IT?

FOR YOU!



"NOW GO BACK HOME--AND STAY THERE!"
--JUAN GIRARDO!" NOT A BAD IDEA, JUAN!

SAY! HE'S
THE GUY WHO'S
HEAD OF THE
LOCAL GANG!



HE'S THE ONLY ONE WHO WANTED
US TO FAIL--IT MUST HAVE BEEN
HE WHO TORPEDOED US!

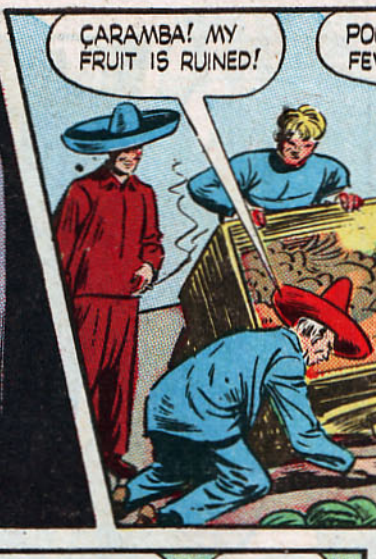
SWELL!

LATER--

WE'VE GOT TO FIND JUAN'S
GANG, AND PROVE TO THEM
THAT MR. MACLEAN'S
SCHOOL IS WHAT THEY WANT!



THERE HE IS--AND
UP TO HIS USUAL
TRICKS!



¡CARAMBA! MY
FRUIT IS RUINED!

POOF! WHAT IS A
FEW MELONS?

I'LL SHOW YOU,
PAL!



IS THIS A MELON--
OR A SQUASH?



I CHALLENGE
YOU AND YOUR
GANG TO A
DUEL, JUAN! A
DUEL IN SPORTS!

I MUST
ACCEPT OR
BE PUBLICLY
HUMILIATED!

VERY WELL!
IS NOT ONE
FAILURE TODAY
ENOUGH FOR YOU?



BRING ON THE
BEST WRESTLER
YOU'VE GOT!

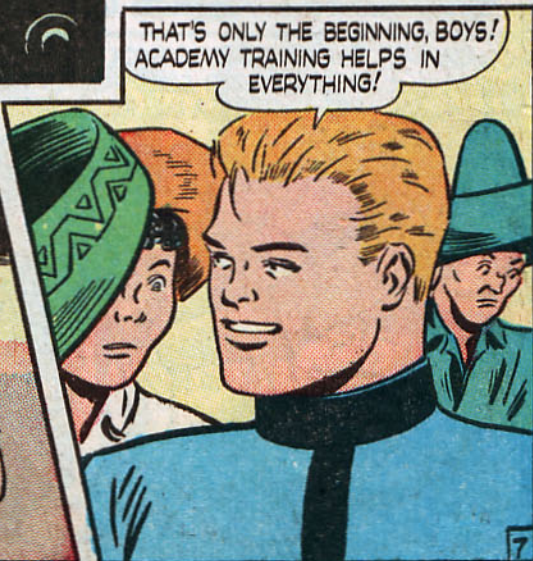
CRUSH
HIS
RIBS,
CARLO!

AN
EASY
TASK!

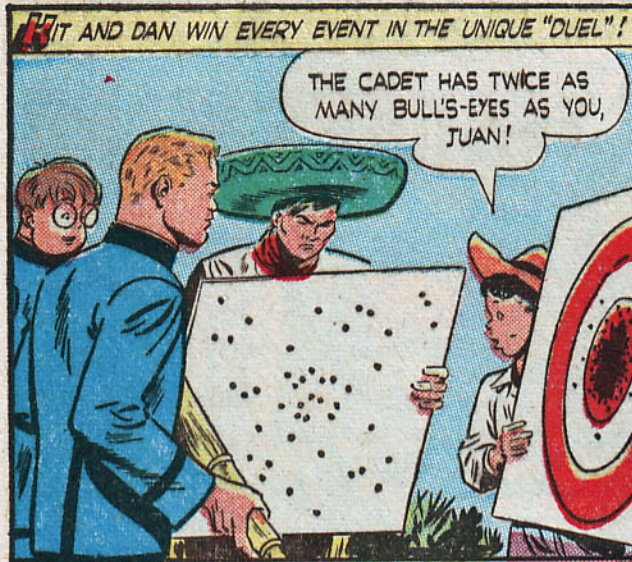


ONE DOWN!
WHO'S NEXT?

LOOK! ONE FLIP OF
THE WRIST, AND
CARLO IS DOWN!

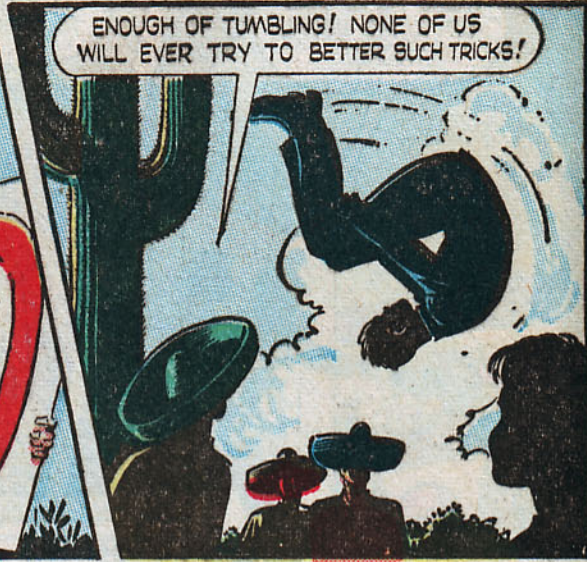


THAT'S ONLY THE BEGINNING, BOYS!
ACADEMY TRAINING HELPS IN
EVERYTHING!



KIT AND DAN WIN EVERY EVENT IN THE UNIQUE "DUEL"!

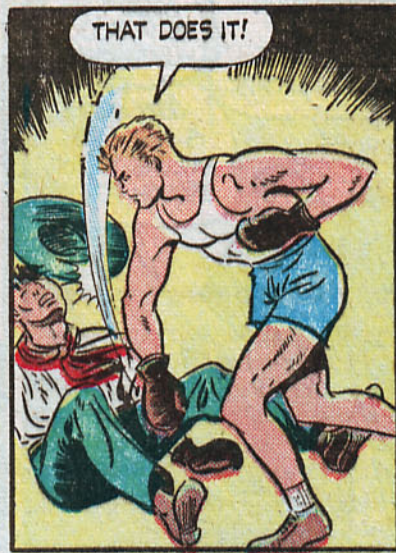
THE CADET HAS TWICE AS MANY BULL'S-EYES AS YOU, JUAN!



ENOUGH OF TUMBLING! NONE OF US WILL EVER TRY TO BETTER SUCH TRICKS!



WE CONCEDE YOU VICTORY IN SWIMMING! YOU ARE LIKE THE FISH!



THAT DOES IT!



CADETS! WHERE CAN WE LEARN TO DO ALL THESE THINGS?

AT MACLEAN'S ACADEMY--LINE FORMS ON THE RIGHT!



Later--

THEY AGREED TO BACK MY SCHOOL-- BECAUSE THEIR SONS FORCED THEM TO! THANKS A MILLION, BOYS!



PLEASE, SEÑOR, MAY I COME TO YOUR SCHOOL, AND LEARN THE WONDERFUL TRICKS AND SPORTS!

WHAT DO YOU THINK, KIT?

LET HIM IN, SIR-- AND HE'LL FIND OUT THAT WITH SPORTS YOU ALSO LEARN SPORTSMANSHIP.

JOIN THE FUN WITH SPECK, SPOT, AND SIS
IN THE NEW COMIC MAGAZINE--HUMDINGER

THIS EASY WAY TEACHES PIANO

Without Music

**No Long Hours Practicing
Scales or Exercises . . .
PLAY SONGS FIRST DAY**

DAVE MINOR'S SONG BOOK *Included in this*

Act now and get, in addition to Dave Minor's famous Complete Home Course that teaches piano playing quickly without music, his wonderful new 72-page song book of 50 songs you quickly learn to play the Dave Minor Way. Mail the coupon below.

2 FOR 1 OFFER

You May Play Any Song in 10 Days Without Being Able to Read a Note!

If you want to quickly learn how to play the piano . . . if you want to play song hits, waltzes, marches, hymns, two steps, red hot numbers and western songs like "Don't Fence Me In" . . . here's amazing news. Now at last Mr. Dave Minor has perfected a wonderfully easy play-by-ear piano course that must teach you piano playing in only 10 days or no cost. No scales, no long exercises. You start playing songs from the first lesson, and so soon it's amazing . . . you're playing the piano surprisingly well. Mr. Minor's sensationally successful home instruction course is complete. It contains all the pictures, all the instruction, everything you need. The complete course sent for your inspection, trial and approval.

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Make This Conclusive 10-Day Test

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**FOR COMPLETE
COURSE OF HOME
INSTRUCTION &
50 SONG BOOK**



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230 East Ohio St., Chicago 11, Ill.

Send your complete "Play-by-Ear" Course of 25 lessons. Also 72-page Piano Song Book at no additional cost. I'll pay \$1.49 plus C.O.D. postage on arrival on your positive guarantee I may return course in 10 days for full refund. (Send \$1.49 with order and Dave Minor pays postage.)

Name.....

Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

DAVE MINOR Dept. 213-H 230 East Ohio Street
CHICAGO 11, ILLINOIS

GARY STARK

by
DON
RICO

IN

SLAVES of the SKULL

WHAT HAS HAPPENED UP TO NOW--

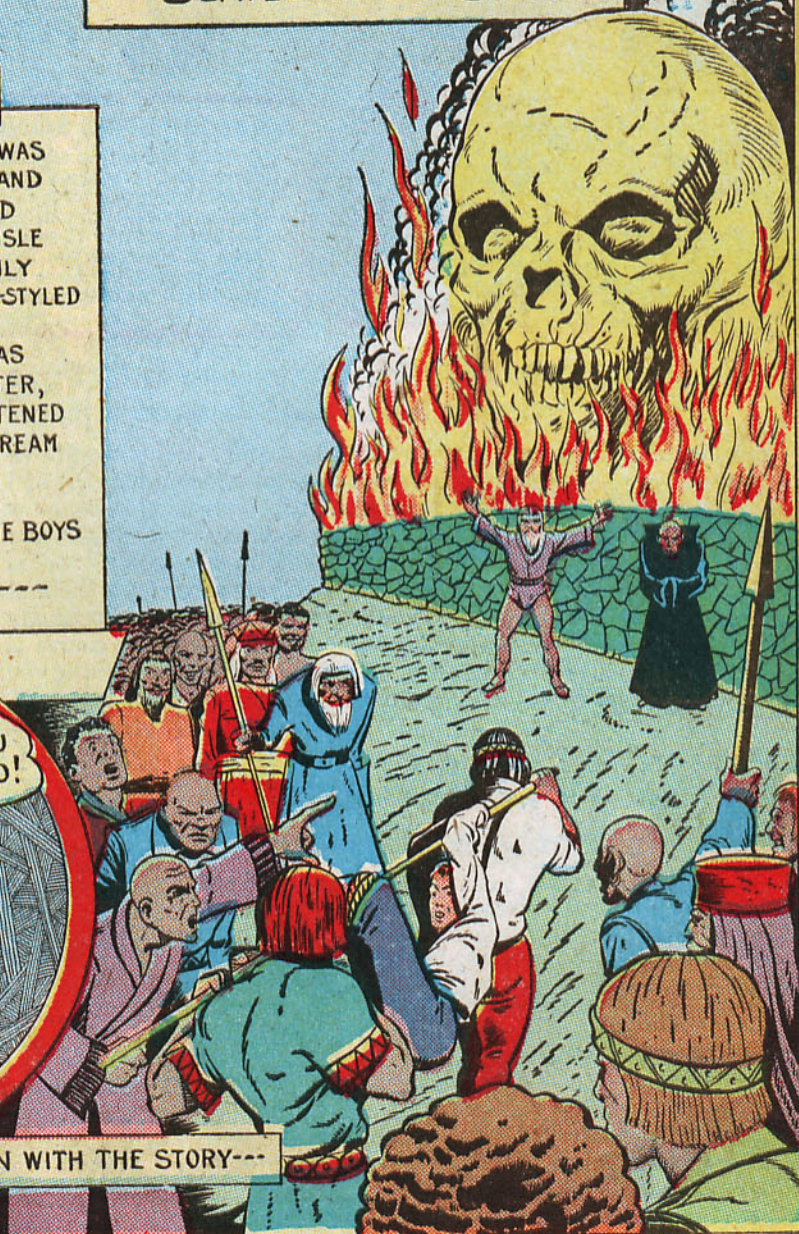
WHEN THEIR MERCHANT SHIP WAS WRECKED, GARY, BOB CARTER AND NAILS HARRIGAN WERE WASHED ASHORE ON THE MYSTERIOUS ISLE OF DRABA. THEY WERE WARMLY WELCOMED BY BONZO, SELF-STYLED KING OF THE ISLE ---

DURING THE NIGHT GARY WAS WARNED BY BONZO'S DAUGHTER, PANAMA, THAT DANGER THREATENED THEM. SHE LEAVES AND A SCREAM AWAKENS THE BOYS ---

PANAMA IS BEING WHIPPED. TRYING TO GO TO HER HELP, THE BOYS FIND THEY'RE LOCKED IN --- AND A JEERING VOICE SAYS ---

THE TIME
FOR COMEDY IS
OVER--- KNOW THAT YOU
ARE PRISONERS OF BONZO!

TO GO ON WITH THE STORY---



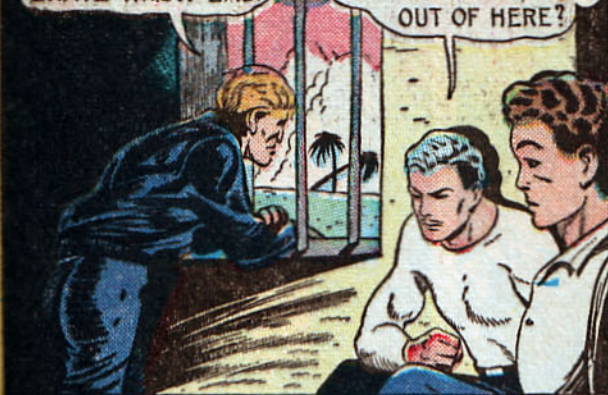
QUESTION No. 4. Is the island of Trinidad off the coast of Central America?

THREE GLOOMY GENTLEMEN OF THE SEA CONTEMPLATE
THEIR FATE --

WELL, NOW-- IF THIS ISN'T
A FINE STEW FOR A
BRAVE IRISH LAD!

SET THAT BRAVE MIND
TO WORK, NAILS--HOW
ARE WE GOING TO GET
OUT OF HERE?

SURE, AN' IN THE OULD COUNTRY
NO LESS THAN EIGHTEEN THIEVIN'
BLACKGUARDS TOSSED ME INTO
JAIL-- I WAITED TIL TH'
MAN CAME TO FEED
ME, AN ----



WHIST! IT'S
HAPPENED
AGAIN!

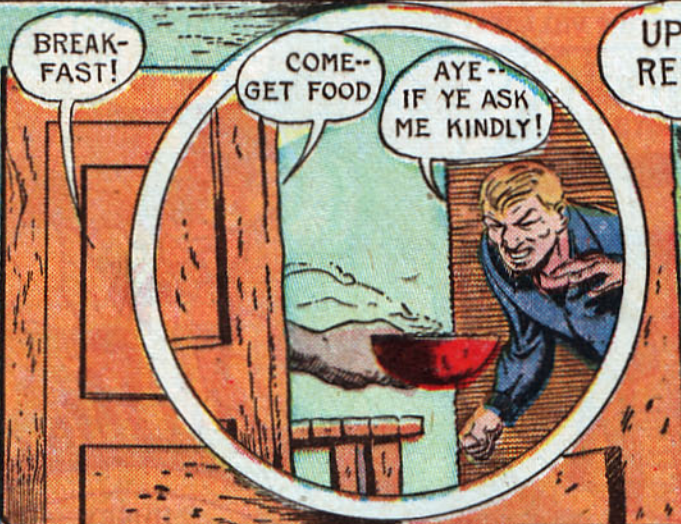
BREAK-
FAST!

COME--
GET FOOD

AYE--
IF YE ASK
ME KINDLY!

UP THE
REBELS!

YEOW!



SHHH! STOP THAT BELLOWIN'!
TIS ENOUGH TO WAKEN
THE DEAD-- OR BONZO

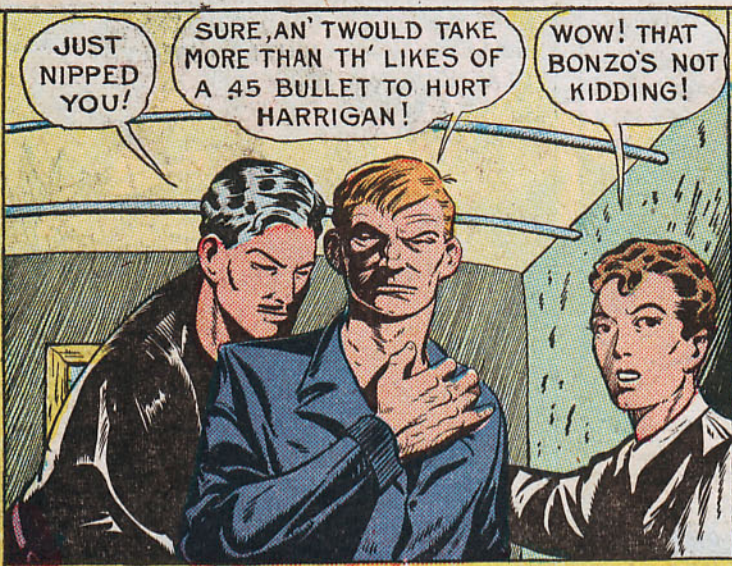
OOOOH!

OW! SPEAK
OF THE DIVVIL!

BANG!

I MUST CAUTION
YOU AGAINST ANY
FUTURE OUTBREAKS
GENTLEMEN--

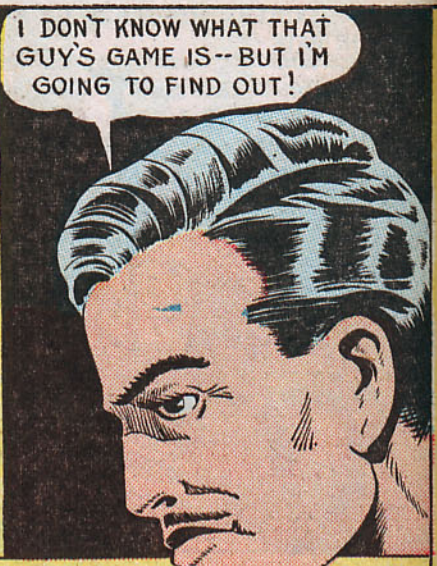




JUST NIPPED YOU!

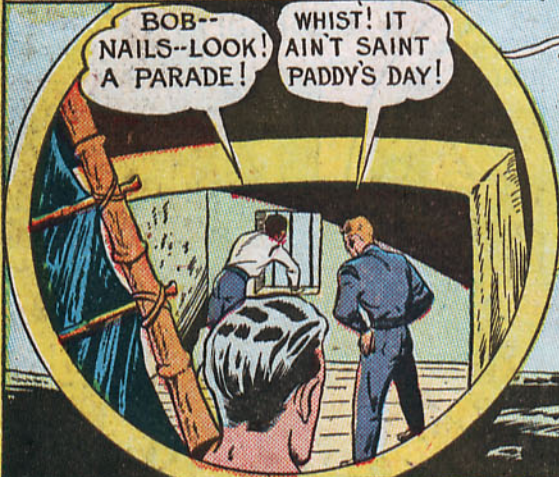
SURE, AN' T'WOULD TAKE MORE THAN TH' LIKES OF A 45 BULLET TO HURT HARRIGAN!

WOW! THAT BONZO'S NOT KIDDING!



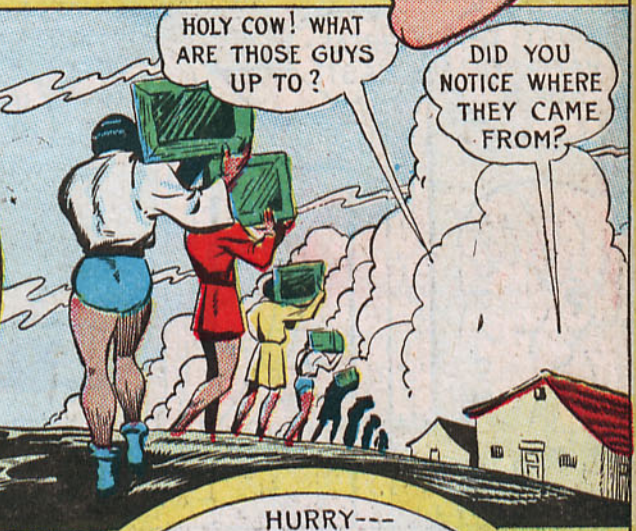
I DON'T KNOW WHAT THAT GUY'S GAME IS-- BUT I'M GOING TO FIND OUT!

DAWN--AND NEW EVENTS STIR THE VILLAGE--



BOB-- NAILS--LOOK! A PARADE!

WHIST! IT AIN'T SAINT PADDY'S DAY!



HOLY COW! WHAT ARE THOSE GUYS UP TO?

DID YOU NOTICE WHERE THEY CAME FROM?



FROM THE JUNGLE-- AND--

BEHOLD! THE HEAD CHEESE HIMSELF!



HURRY--- YOU SLAVES OF THE SKULL GOD-- YOUR GOD IS ANGRY AT YOUR LAZINESS!

DOZENS UPON
DOZENS OF THE
HUMBLE NATIVES
STRAIN UNDER THE
WEIGHT OF THE
HEAVY CHESTS
AND THE STING
OF BONZO'S
LASH!



I'D GIVE PLENTY
TO KNOW WHAT WAS
IN THOSE BOXES!



SKULL-GOD--FLAMES-
GOSH! THIS SOUNDS
LIKE MOVIE--
STUFF!



GARY, ME BUCKO, THESE ISLANDS RUN
WILD WITH TALES AS STRANGE AS
THOSE OF OULD IRELAND!

I MIND MESELF----

STOW IT,
NAILS!



HERE COMES
GARY'S GIRL-
FRIEND--

PANAMA?!!



THANKS FOR
TRYING TO HELP
US--WE'RE VERY
SORRY YOUR
FATHER BEAT
YOU FOR
IT!

EET WAS
NOTHEENG,
HANDSOME
ONE--

NUTS!



FAIR LADY, IN
SPITE OF YOUR
TALK, THERE
MUST BE
IRISH IN YE,
I'M SURE! CAN
YE BE HELPIN
US AGAIN,
D'YE THINK?

OUI! ONLY ONE
CAN I HELP NOW!
THE BOY
SAILOR---

ME?





TRUDGING TOWARD THE DENSE, DARK, JUNGLE,
GOES THE SCOURGE OF DRABA-- BONZO!

HOLY COW! HE'S GOING TO
WHERE THOSE NATIVES CAME
FROM! I'M GONNA
FOLLOW HIM!

NO!



WHY NOT? THIS IS MY
CHANCE TO FIND OUT WHAT
THIS IS ALL ABOUT!

DO NOT GO, GAR-EE!
THERE ARE THEINGS WHICH
EET'EES BETTER NOT
TO KNOW!



SHOO-SHOO, BABY, THIS
IS MAN'S WORK!

OOH! DON'T GO!
YOU ARE ONLY BOY!



GARY STEALS
SILENTLY
AFTER BONZO
FOLLOWING
HIM TO THE
HEART OF
THE FOREST
THEN --

HAIL,
BONZO!

HAIL! IS EVERYTHING
PREPARED?



EVERYTHING! THE FOOLS
WILL GATHER BEFORE
THE ALTAR IN A FEW
MINUTES!

AH! SO! GOOD! THEN
THE SKULL GOD SPEAKS, EH?



FOLLOWING BONZO AND HIS HENCHMAN, LINKY, GARY COMES TO A
CLEARED AREA, AT ONE END OF WHICH IS A HUGE, YELLOW SKULL!

AH! VERY IMPRESSIVE--VERY! TAKE
YOUR PLACE IN THE SKULL! -- AND
MAKE IT GOOD, LINKY!

I SHALL DO
MY BEST,
MAJESTY!



WELL -- WHADDAYA
KNOW! THEY'RE PUTTING
A FAST ONE OVER ON THE
NATIVES -- BUT WHY? OOH--
WISH BOB AND NAILS
WERE HERE!



IF THERE'S
GONNA BE A SHOW
I WANT A GOOD
SEAT!



MEANWHILE--

BY THE
LEPRECHAUNS OF
COUNTY CORK-- DO
I HEAR JUNGLE
DRUMS



RIGHT! SOMETHING'S COOKING
AND I DON'T LIKE THE IDEA
OF GARY BEING OUT THERE
WITHOUT US!



I DIDN'T WANT TO SAY IT
BEFORE, BUT I DON'T TRUST
THE GIRL! HER OLD MAN'S
UP TO SOME PHONEY DEAL
AND SHE WANTS US TO GET
AWAY BEFORE WE FIND OUT
WHAT IT IS.



SURE, AN' HOW
CAN YE SAY THAT
ABOUT SUCH A
PRETTY LASS?

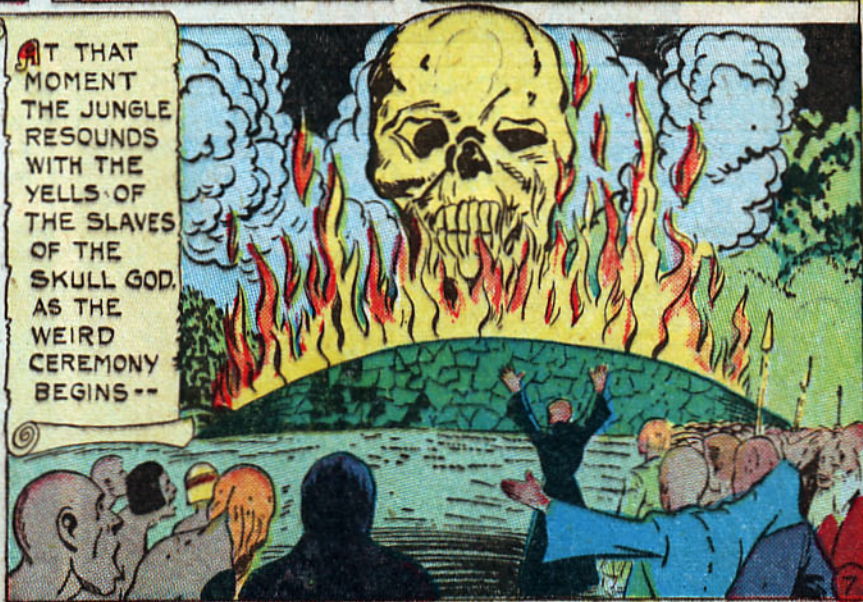
OKAY, THEN--
BUT DID YOU
NOTICE, WE NOW
HAVE A
GUARD?



NAILS, I TELL YOU, WE'VE
GOT TO GET OUTTA
HERE! I KNOW GARY'S
IN TROUBLE ---



AT THAT
MOMENT
THE JUNGLE
RESOUNDS
WITH THE
YELLS OF
THE SLAVES
OF THE
SKULL GOD.
AS THE
WEIRD
CEREMONY
BEGINS --





WRATHFUL SKULL! GOD OF OUR DESTINY! HAVE YOU A MESSAGE FOR US, YOUR HUMBLE SLAVES?



A HOLLOW, UNEARTHLY VOICE SPEAKS FROM THE DEPTHS OF THE SKULL ---

YOUR GOD IS ANGRY! WHERE IS THE REST OF THE PIRATES' TREASURE I ORDERED YOU TO DELIVER TO MY MESSENGER ON EARTH - BONZO! YOU ALONE KNOW WHERE IT IS STORED! BRING IT OUT -- ALL OF IT!



O GREAT GOD! YOU KNOW HOW HARD IT IS TO GET TO THE HIDING PLACE OF THE TREASURE! MANY OF OUR PEOPLE DIE WHEN WE GO THERE! WE DO, OUR BEST!



IT IS NOT ENOUGH! LET ALL DIE IF NEED BE! I THIRST FOR THE GOLD HORDE OF THE MIGHTY BUCCANEERS! I HAVE SPOKEN!

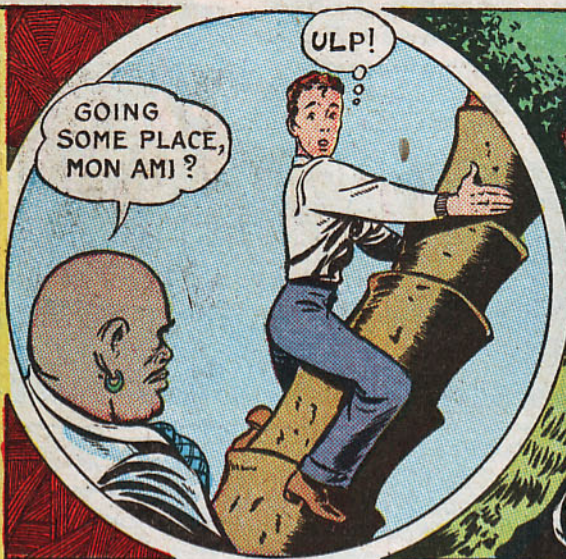


WHOOPS! I'VE GOT THE ANSWER NOW! BONZO'S USING THAT PHONEY SKULL TO SCARE THE NATIVES INTO GIVING HIM THE GOLD WHICH ONLY THEY KNOW ABOUT! WHY--THE BIG PIG! NO WONDER HE WANTED US OUT OF THE WAY



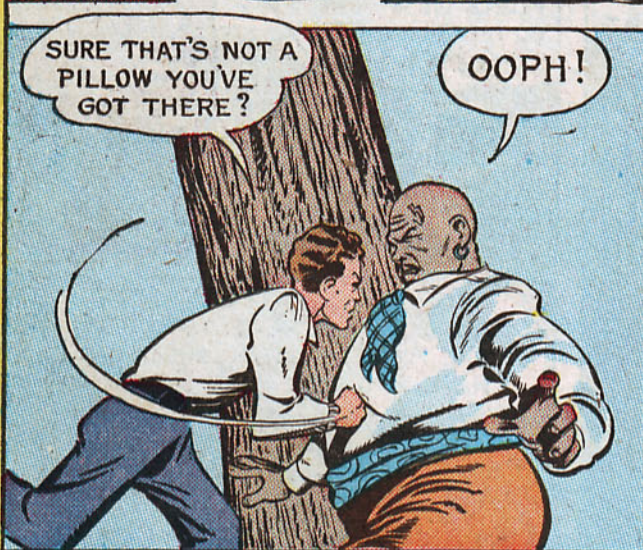
I GOTTA GET TO BOB AND NAILS! THEY'LL KNOW WHAT TO DO!





GOING
SOME PLACE,
MON AMI?

ULP!



SURE THAT'S NOT A
PILLOW YOU'VE
GOT THERE?

OOPH!



YEP! AND YOU'RE
IN MY WAY!



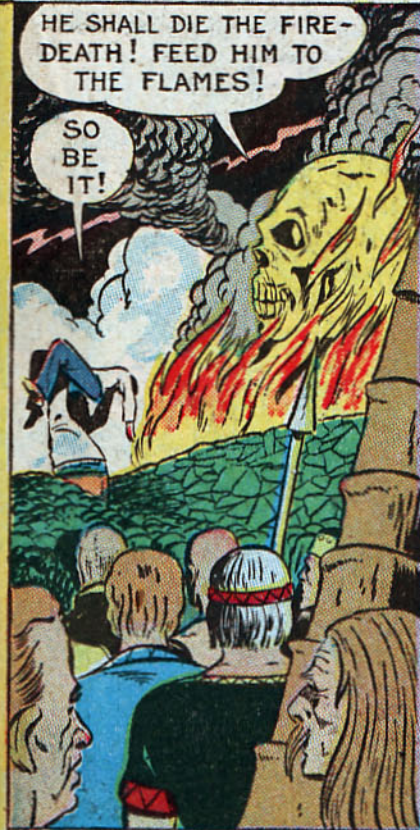
ENOUGH!



NOW, IMPRUDENT ONE, I SHALL SHOW YOU
WHAT IT MEANS TO DEFY BONZO!



MIGHTY SKULL-GOD!
I HAVE CAPTURED AN
INTRUDER --- AN
ENEMY OF YOUR
PEOPLE!



HE SHALL DIE THE FIRE-DEATH! FEED HIM TO THE FLAMES!

SO BE IT!

JUST THEN A SCREAM COMES FROM THE BRUSH



NO!
NO!

RUSHING TOWARD THE SCREAM, THE NATIVE GUARDS CAPTURES PANAMA!



NO! DO NOT KEEL HEEM! YOU MUST NOT!

TSCH! TSCH! ALAS! MY OWN DAUGHTER DEFIES THE COMMAND OF THE SKULL GOD! AS YOU KNOW, THE PUNISHMENT FOR THAT IS QUITE SEVERE, YOU ARE MON PETITE! A BEAST!



YOU HAVE SPOKEN, BONZO! LET HER DIE WITH THE BOY!

I BOW TO YOUR COMMAND!

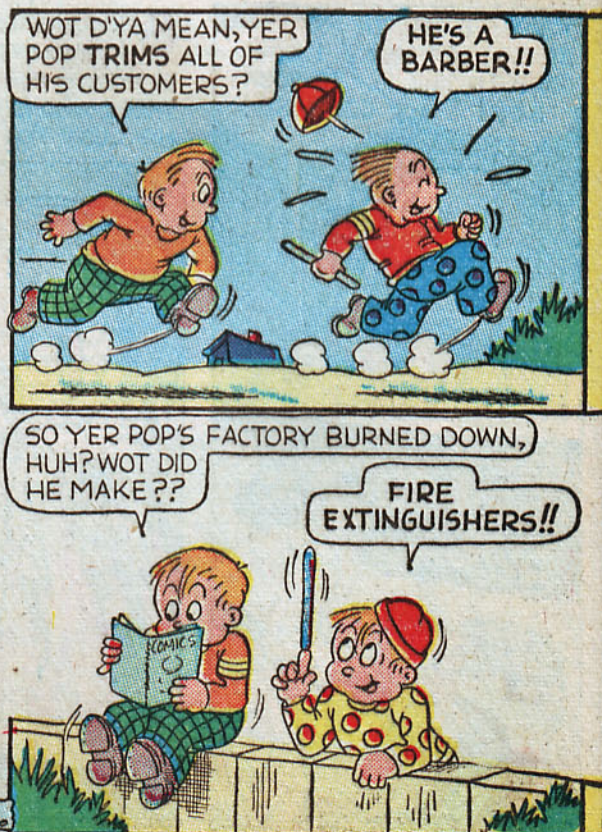
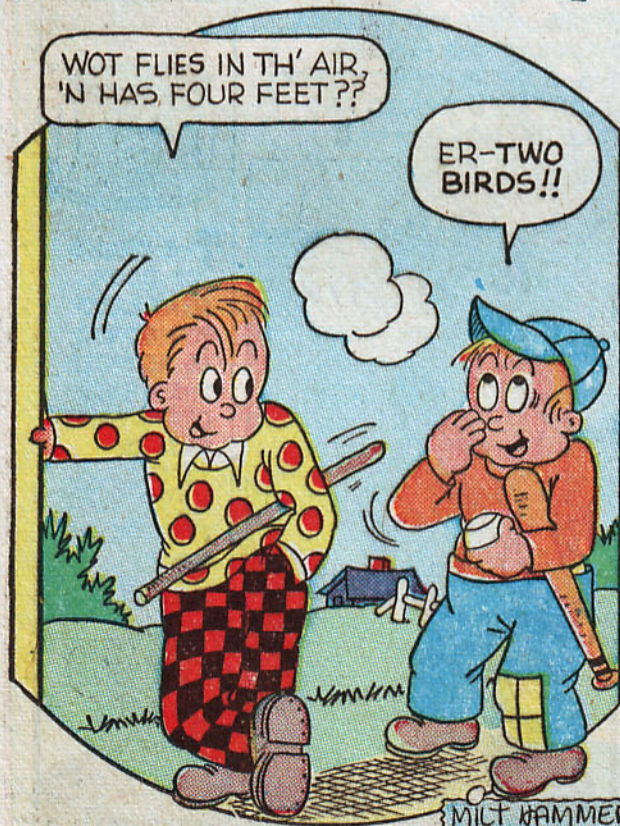
STRUNG UP ON POLES, GARY AND PANAMA ARE CARRIED TOWARD THE HUNGRY FLAMES-- FOR THIS IS THE PUNISHMENT FOR THOSE WHO STAND BETWEEN BONZO AND HIS LUST FOR PIRATES' GOLD ----!



THE DRUMS OF DOOM BEAT LOUD FOR BONZO AS HE FACES THE WRATH OF THE SKULL SLAVES IN THE NEXT EPISODE OF GARY STARK

IT'S CHEWY... IT'S DELICIOUS... IT'S ONLY A PENNY

FLEER'S DUBBLE BUBBLE GUM



IF ON GLOOM YOU'D TURN THE TABLES
JOIN THE GANG IN FRISKY FABLES

PETE STOCKBRIDGE

The CHAMELEON

PETE STOCKBRIDGE, THE CHAMELEON, OWNER AND MANAGING EDITOR OF THE "STAR" FINDS HIMSELF ALL TIED UP WITH EXPENSIVE CARRIER PIGEONS, PAYROLL BANDITS, AND DEADLINES, WHEN HE RETURNS TO THE PURSUITS OF PEACE!



PETE IS BACK IN HARNESS AS OWNER AND MANAGING EDITOR OF THE "STAR" AND THIS IS HIS FIRST DAY ON THE JOB...

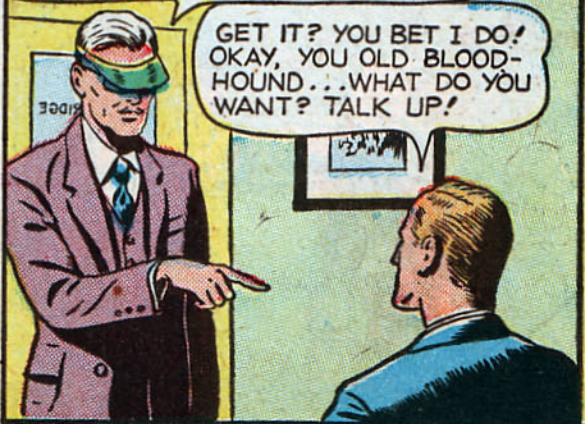
IT'S SURE GOOD TO HAVE YOU BACK, CHIEF, BUT THERE'S ONE THING... AND I'LL SPEAK MY MIND ON IT...

SURE, JOHN... TALK UP! YOU'RE THE CITY EDITOR AND I WANT TO KNOW WHAT YOU THINK!



YOU KNOW, CHIEF, YOU'VE BEEN AWAY A LONG TIME! MAYBE YOU'VE FORGOTTEN WHAT A GOOD NEWS STORY IS... MAYBE YOU CAN'T WRITE ONE ANY MORE... GET MY POINT?

GET IT? YOU BET I DO! OKAY, YOU OLD BLOOD-HOUND... WHAT DO YOU WANT? TALK UP!



FOLLOW THE RIOTOUS ADVENTURES OF
BUTCH AND HIS MAGIC CAP IN HUMDINGER

WELL, YOU SEE, CHIEF—WE'RE KIND OF SHORTHANDED—AND A COUPLE OF THE BOYS ARE ON THE ARMORED CAR ROBBERY STORY...AND A GOOD FEATURE YARN HAS JUST COME IN...ABOUT A GUY THAT BOUGHT TWO PIGEONS FOR \$1500... AND I THOUGHT THAT YOU MIGHT...



THAT I MIGHT TAKE THE STORY? OKAY... I'D RATHER HANDLE THE ARMORED CAR CASE, BUT THIS MIGHT BE FUN...IT'S BEEN YEARS SINCE I WROTE A FEATURE YARN! WHAT'S THE ADDRESS?

I KNEW YOU'D DO IT, CHIEF! THE ADDRESS IS 574 HARRISON ROAD!



SO PETE SETS OUT ON A FEATURE STORY, AND THEN...



THIS IS THE PLACE! GOSH, IT'S DESOLATE! WELL, HERE GOES NOTHING!

HELLO, I'M FROM THE "STAR"... I'D LIKE TO SEE THE MAN WHO BOUGHT THOSE PRIZE PIGEONS! WE'D LIKE A FEATURE STORY!

SCRAM, BUD, YOU AIN'T GETTIN' NOTHIN' HERE



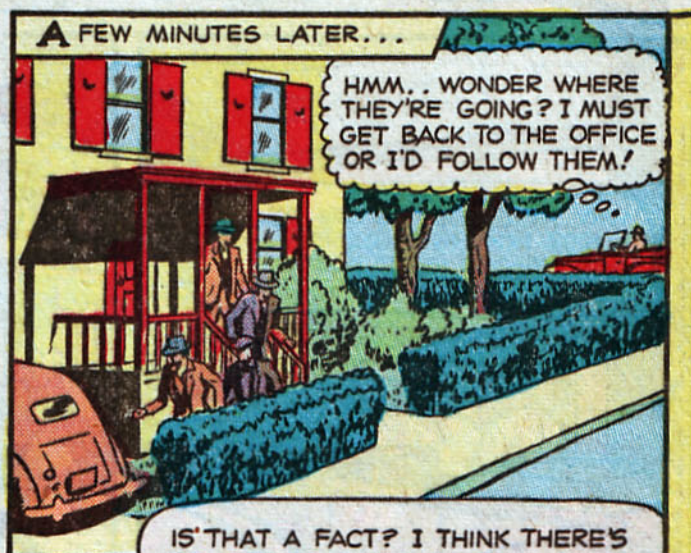
BUT... OW!

I SAID SCRAM, AN' I MEAN IT!



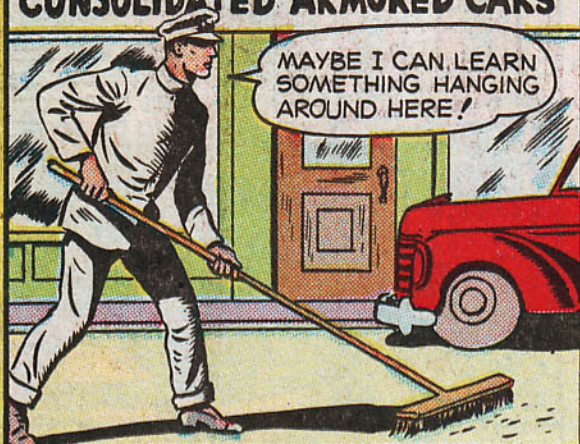
WHY, YOU... I'LL...



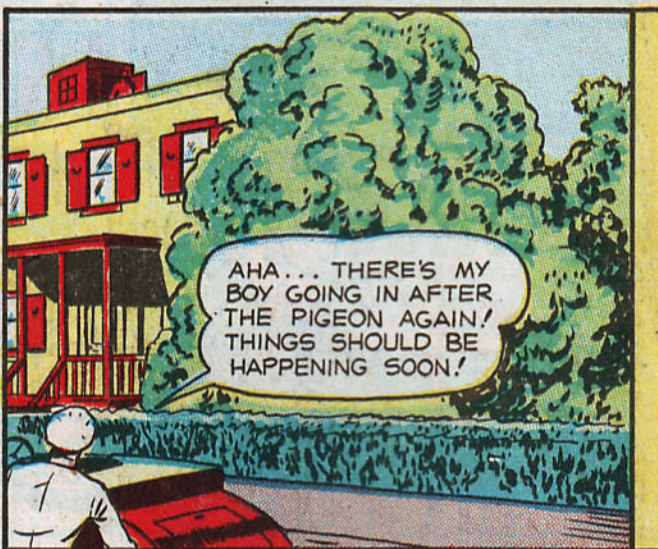
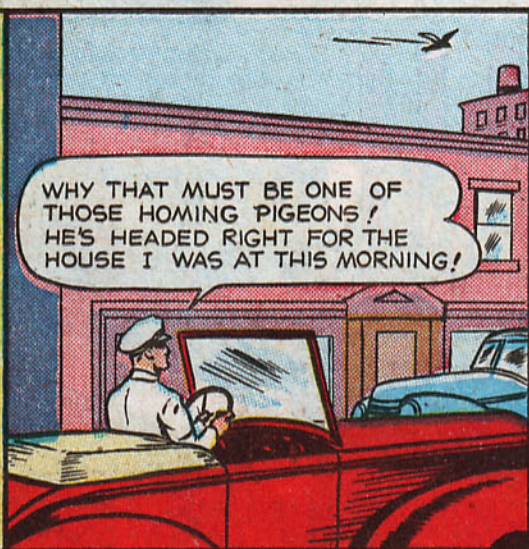
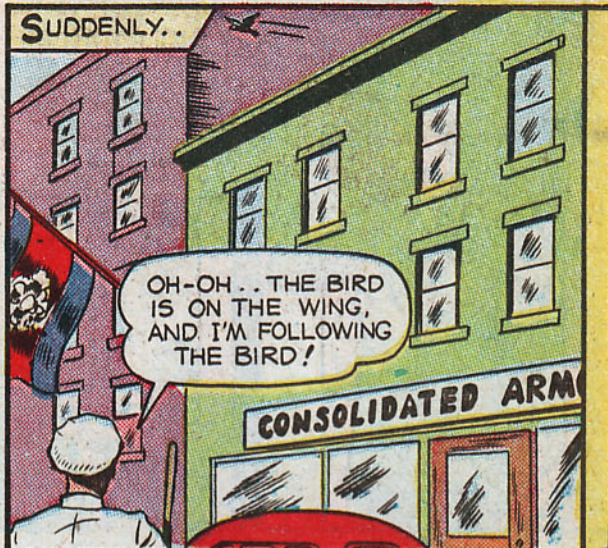


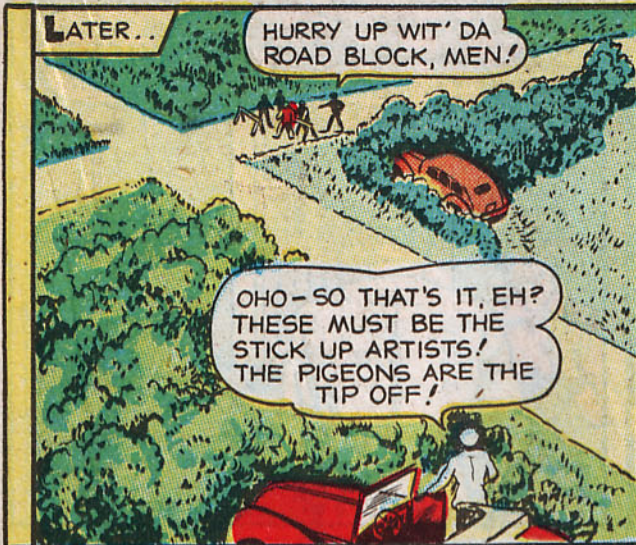
LATER, PETE IN DISGUISE HAS A LOOK AT THE ARMORED CAR COMPANY'S OFFICE...

CONSOLIDATED ARMORED CARS



SUDDENLY...

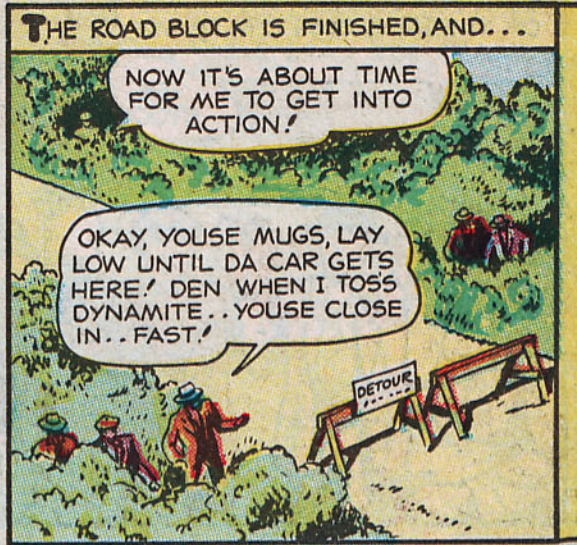




LATER...

HURRY UP WIT' DA ROAD BLOCK, MEN!

OHO—SO THAT'S IT, EH? THESE MUST BE THE STICK UP ARTISTS! THE PIGEONS ARE THE TIP OFF!



THE ROAD BLOCK IS FINISHED, AND...

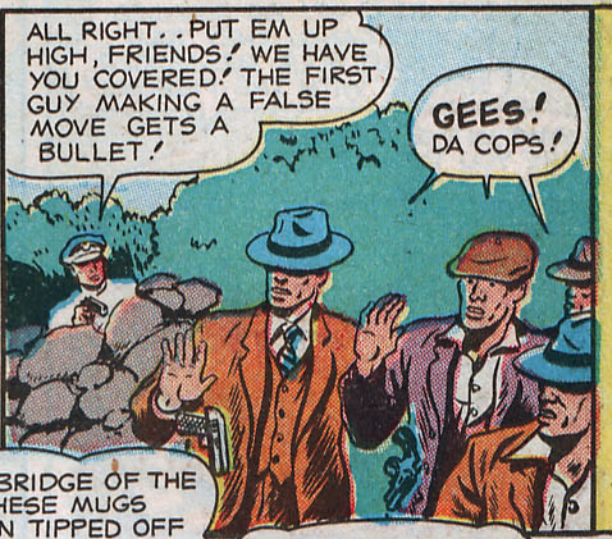
NOW IT'S ABOUT TIME FOR ME TO GET INTO ACTION!

OKAY, YOUSE MUGS, LAY LOW UNTIL DA CAR GETS HERE! DEN WHEN I TOSS DYNAMITE... YOUSE CLOSE IN... FAST!



THERE... THAT SHOULD ATTRACT THE BOYS!

A...A SHOT... WHERE'D IT COME FROM?



ALL RIGHT... PUT EM UP HIGH, FRIENDS! WE HAVE YOU COVERED! THE FIRST GUY MAKING A FALSE MOVE GETS A BULLET!

GEES! DA COPS!

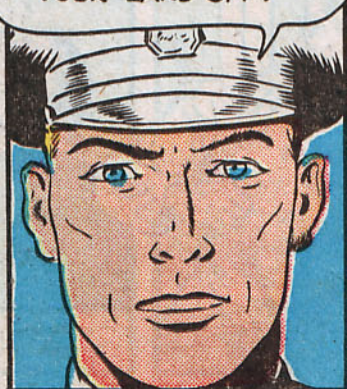


RIGHT THIS WAY, BOYS! HERE ARE THE GUYS CAUSING ALL THE TROUBLE!

WHAT'S GOIN' ON HERE?

GEE!... NABBED BY A STREET CLEANER! AIN'T DAT IRONICAL!

I'M STOCKBRIDGE OF THE "STAR"! THESE MUGS HAVE BEEN TIPPED OFF AS TO THE ROUTE OF THE CARS! THAT'S HOW THEY'VE BEEN ABLE TO ROB SO MANY! WHO WAS YOUR CONTACT MAN? YOU'D BETTER TALK, OR I'LL BEAT YOUR EARS OFF!



DON'T... DON'T... I'LL TALK! IT WAS CARSTAIRS... HE GAVE US THE TIPS!

WHO'S CARSTAIRS?

HE'S OUR MANAGER! HE'S THE ONLY ONE WHO KNOWS THE ROUTE THE CARS TAKE! HE TELLS THE DRIVER!



OKAY, YOU GUARDS, TAKE CARE OF THESE BIRDS... I'M ON MY WAY TO SEE CARSTAIRS!

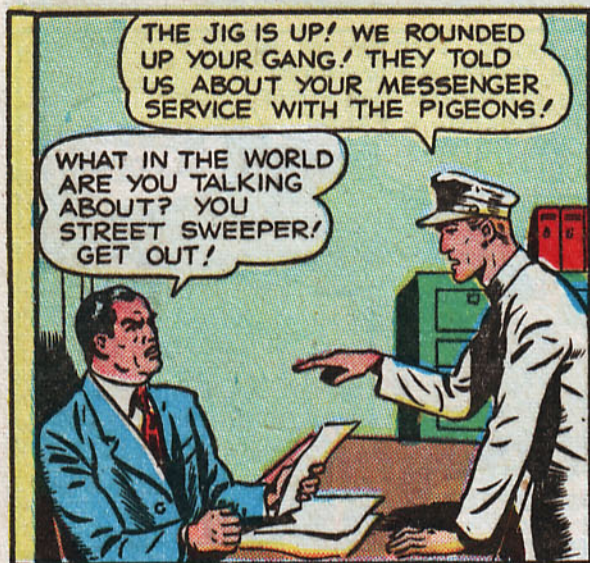
YES, MR. STOCKBRIDGE!



BUT YOU CAN'T SEE MR. CARSTAIRS!

I'M HERE, AIN'T I?

WHAT IS THIS? YOU MAY LEAVE, MISS MASON!



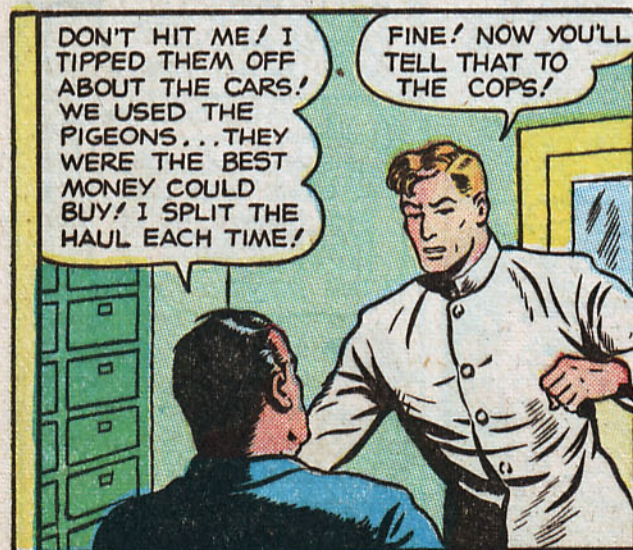
THE JIG IS UP! WE ROUNDED UP YOUR GANG! THEY TOLD US ABOUT YOUR MESSENGER SERVICE WITH THE PIGEONS!

WHAT IN THE WORLD ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? YOU STREET SWEEPER! GET OUT!



I'M NO STREET SWEEPER, BUT I'LL CLEAN YOU UP!

NO! DON'T HIT ME AGAIN! I'LL CONFESS!



DON'T HIT ME! I TIPPED THEM OFF ABOUT THE CARS! WE USED THE PIGEONS... THEY WERE THE BEST MONEY COULD BUY! I SPLIT THE HAUL EACH TIME!

FINE! NOW YOU'LL TELL THAT TO THE COPS!



BACK AT THE "STAR" OFFICE...

WELL, JOHN, DO YOU THINK I CAN STILL WRITE A STORY?

CHIEF, YOU'RE WONDERFUL!

☐ The STAR ☐
STAR OWNER SMASHES ARMORED CAR RING
BY PETE STOCKBRIDGE

The End

FISHERMAN'S LUCK

By SETH HARMON

ONCE more young Spud Gilbert confronted Editor Barnaby in his private office.

"About that office boy you need, sir," he said. "I notice the sign is still in your window."

"The answer still is no. And for the same good reason!"

"O.K., Mr. Barnaby. But I think you're making a big mistake. I happen to be personally interested in the newspaper business. That's why I'm willing to take your job though it pays less than I'd get helping out at the Super Market like the other fellows. I might even get you a news scoop sometime."

"Get yourself out of here before I scoop you out!" threatened Editor Barnaby. Spud got out.

Take the Barnaby lawn, for instance. Spud had promised to mow it every week. Sometimes he came on Friday, sometimes on Monday. He couldn't come Saturdays because that was the day his *Gilbert Gazette* went to press. Spud printed it on the press his uncle gave him for Christmas.

But Editor Barnaby wouldn't have it that way. To suit him, it must be Saturday or never.

Spud sauntered down to the Inlet. It was a hot summer day. A bit of fishing in his old rowboat would do him good. He noticed a strong undertow when he rowed out.

Editor Barnaby, meanwhile, mopped his bald head in his stuffy office. He too

thought of the cool Inlet. And the more he thought of it, the more the idea of a swim appealed to him.

First, however, the plump gentleman went out for a hearty lunch. Thus fortified with fuel for energy, he drove to his private bathhouse on the swankier side of the Inlet and got into his satin bathing trunks. That was the way Spud saw him wade out into the undertow.

Only a few minutes later, Spud was again reminded of Editor Barnaby in quite a different way. A bellow for help echoed across the deserted Inlet. Spud turned his clumsy boat in that direction and rowed like mad.

"Help, gulp, hurry! I've got cramps — gulp — I'm drowning!"

Spud paused to size up the situation. He hadn't horned in on his older brother's life-saving course for nothing.

"Be calm, Mr. Barnaby," he directed soothingly. "Roll over on your back and I'll tow you ashore. You can't sink—you're too fat."

"Too fat? Glug. glug. I'll sue you for this!"

"He's hysterical," Spud decided. "If I jump in, he'll only drown me too. The life-saving instructor warned us of that."

"Do something!" thundered Editor Barnaby. He sank again amid a geyser of bubbles. Spud did something all right. He didn't like to do it. But it was for the drowning man's good.

"Crack!" The raised oar came down on Mr. Barnaby's bald head. The fat gen-

tlemen rolled over on his back. A benevolent smile spread over his face. Now Spud easily tied the painter-rope under the fleshy arms and rowed laboriously toward the shore.

"Heh, heh, heh," cackled Old Salty. He saw the boat pull up and sauntered over. "That's a new kinda fish you pulled in today, eh, Spud?"

Together they got the portly editor over a barrel and squeezed the excess water out of him. It wasn't long until he was breathing normally, and glowering in his usual way.

"You — you idiot!" he roared at Spud. Old Salt stepped forward threateningly:

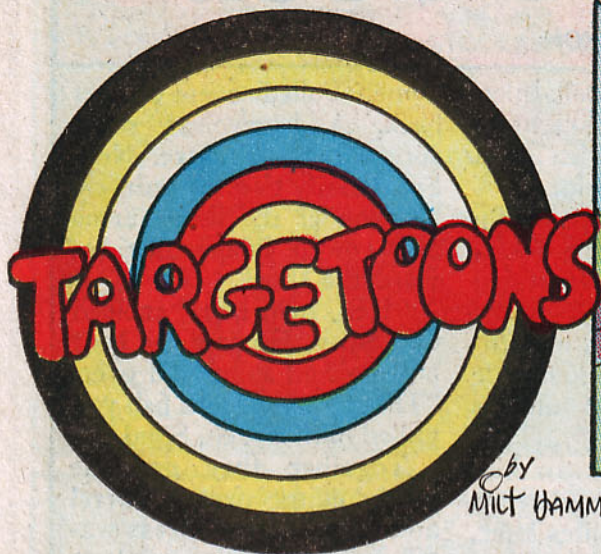
"If'n ye call my young friend here an idiot agin, I'll toss ye back to feed the fish. Ye must be too dumb yerself to know he saved yer worthless life."

Editor Barnaby didn't answer. He wobbled off uncertainly to dress and drive back to town. Spud, on his way home, passed the newspaper office. He noticed that the Office-Boy-Wanted sign was no longer in the window. He wondered who got the job.

"Spud!" his mother called the minute he got home. "Mr. Barnaby has 'phoned twice for you. He says you'd better get down there on the job at once or he'll fire you. What have you been doing all morning anyway?"

Spud reached for his cap.

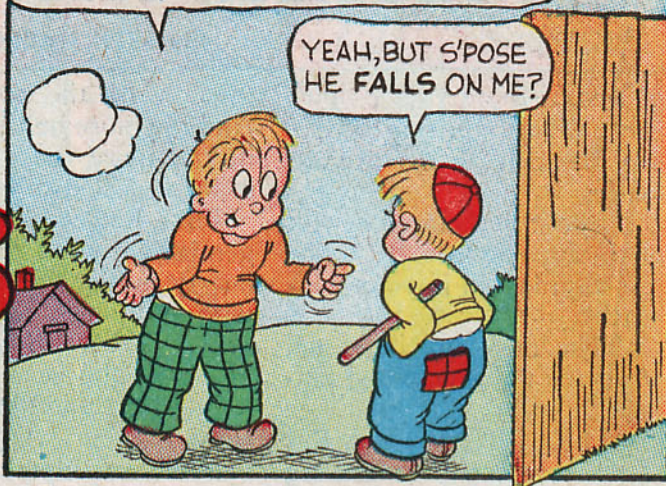
"Oh, just fishing. But this time I landed a job!"



by
MILT HAMMER

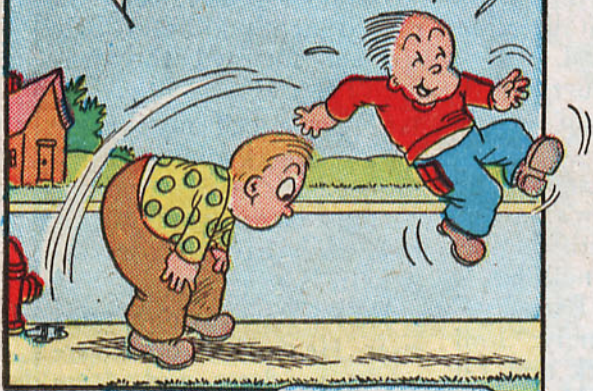
DON'T BE AFRAID OF BUTCH. TH' BIGGER
THEY ARE, THE HARDER THEY FALL!!

YEAH, BUT S'POSE
HE FALLS ON ME?



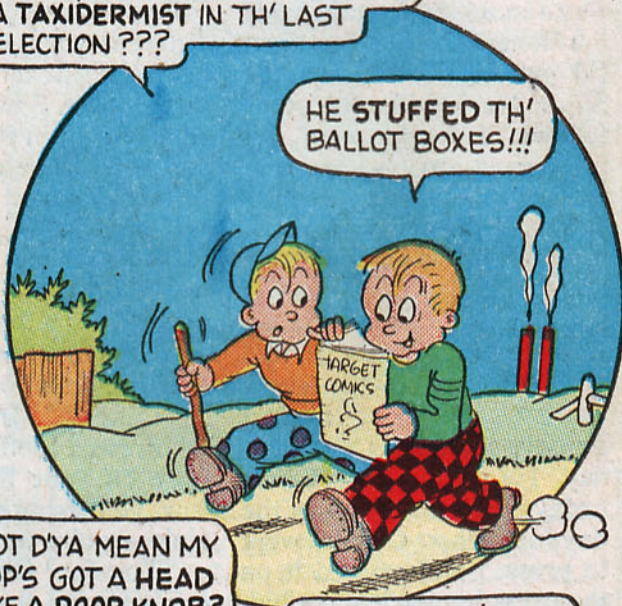
WOT HAPPENED WHEN
YER POP CHALLENGED TH'
ELEVATOR MAN TO A FIGHT?

HE TOOK HIM
UP ON IT!!



G'WAN, HOW COULD YER POP BE
A TAXIDERMIST IN TH' LAST
ELECTION ???

HE STUFFED TH'
BALLOT BOXES!!!



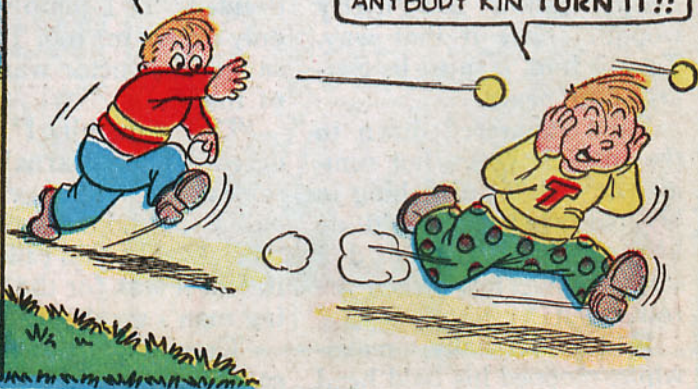
HOW WUZ THAT
SPIRITUALIST YOU
SAW AT TH' CIRCUS?

JUST MEDIUM!!



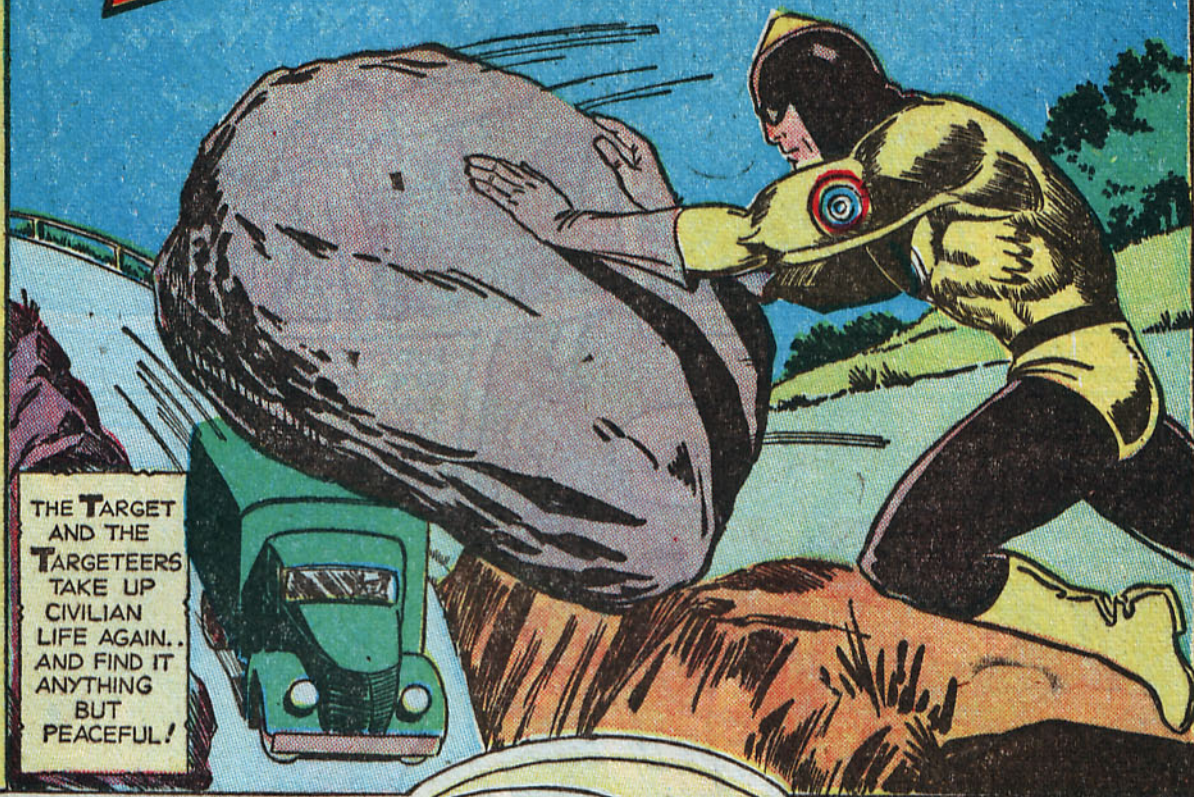
WOT D'YA MEAN MY
POP'S GOT A HEAD
LIKE A DOOR KNOB?

'CAUSE MY POP SAID
ANYBODY KIN TURN IT!!



FOR THE VERY BEST IN COMICS
READ HUMDINGER MAGAZINE

THE TARGET



THE TARGET AND THE TARGETEERS TAKE UP CIVILIAN LIFE AGAIN... AND FIND IT ANYTHING BUT PEACEFUL!

HONORABLY DISCHARGED, NILES REED, TOM FOSTER, AND DAVE BROWN ARE REUNITED ONCE MORE!

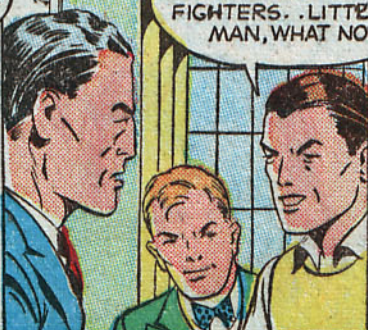
AH! FEELS GOOD TO TRADE MY BLUES FOR THIS SNAPPY SPORT JACKET!

IT'S FINE... BUT I GUESS LIFE WILL BE PRETTY TAME AFTER THOSE HAIR-RAISERS WE HAD OVERSEAS!

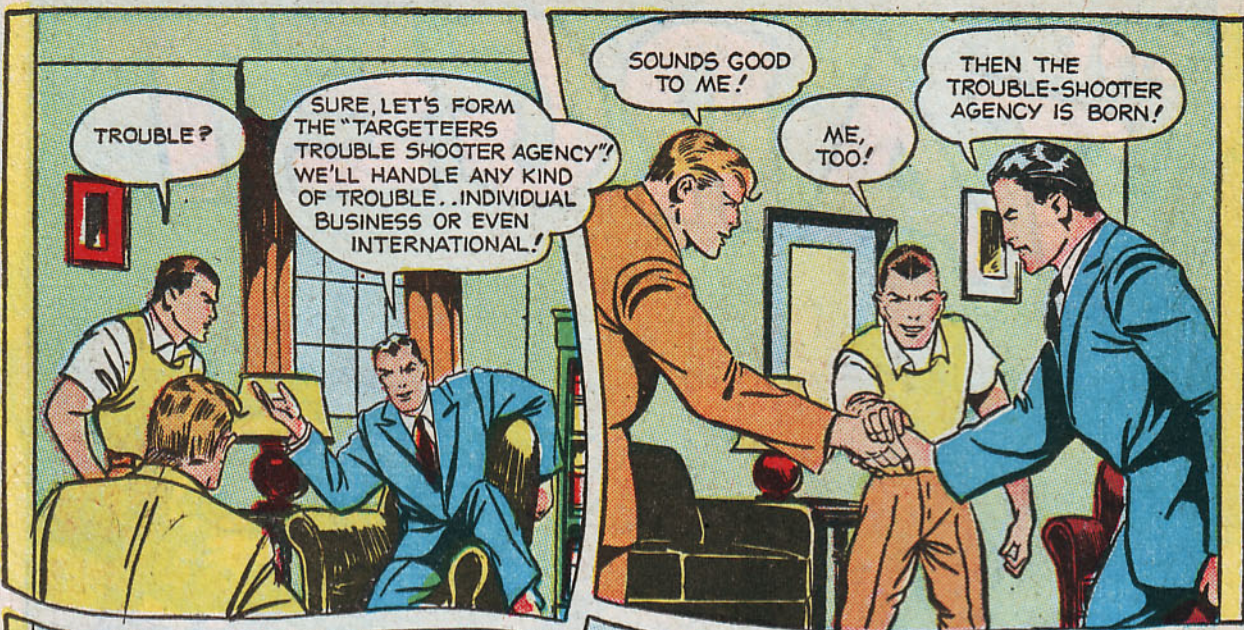
MAYBE! IT'LL BE MIGHTY HUNGRY, TOO, IF WE DON'T FIND SOME WAY OF MAKING A LIVING!

WE'VE BEEN DETECTIVES IN-TELLIGENCE MEN, SPECIAL AGENTS, FIGHTERS... LITTLE MAN, WHAT NOW?

ADD UP THAT EXPERIENCE, AND YOU GET... TROUBLE-SHOOTERS! TROUBLE IS OUR BUSINESS, BOYS!



JOIN THE GLAMOUROUS DETECTIVE-MODEL, TONI GAYLE. IN THE PAGES OF YOUNG KING COLE



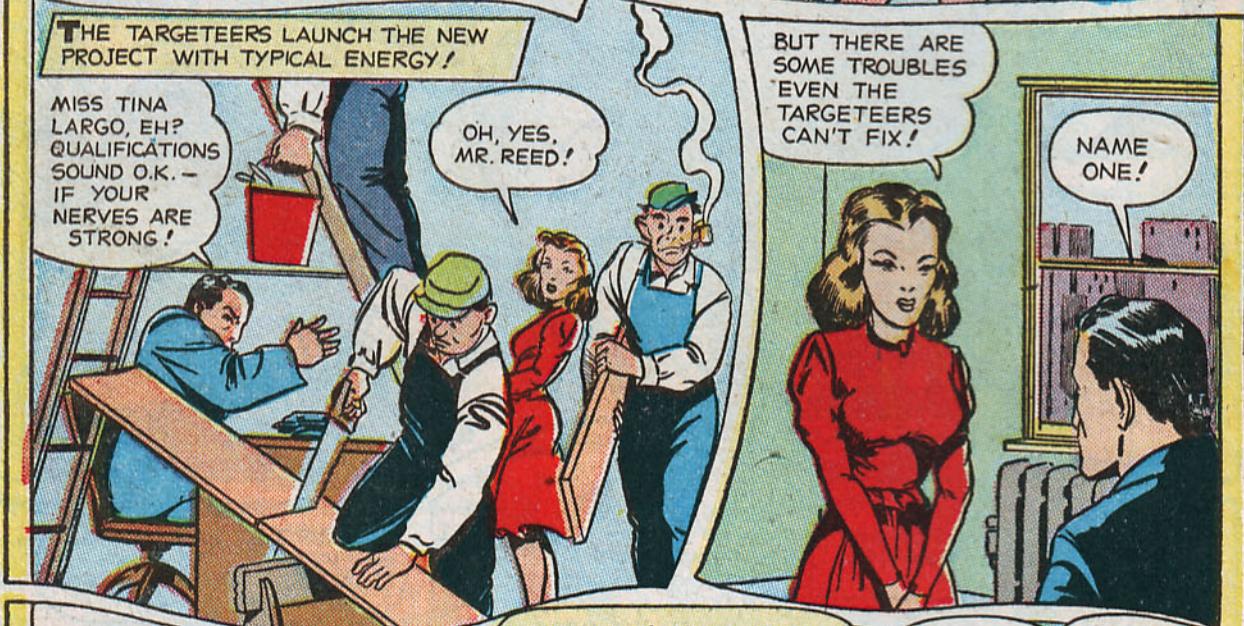
TROUBLE?

SURE, LET'S FORM THE "TARGETEERS TROUBLE SHOOTER AGENCY"! WE'LL HANDLE ANY KIND OF TROUBLE. .INDIVIDUAL BUSINESS OR EVEN INTERNATIONAL!

SOUNDS GOOD TO ME!

ME, TOO!

THEN THE TROUBLE-SHOOTER AGENCY IS BORN!



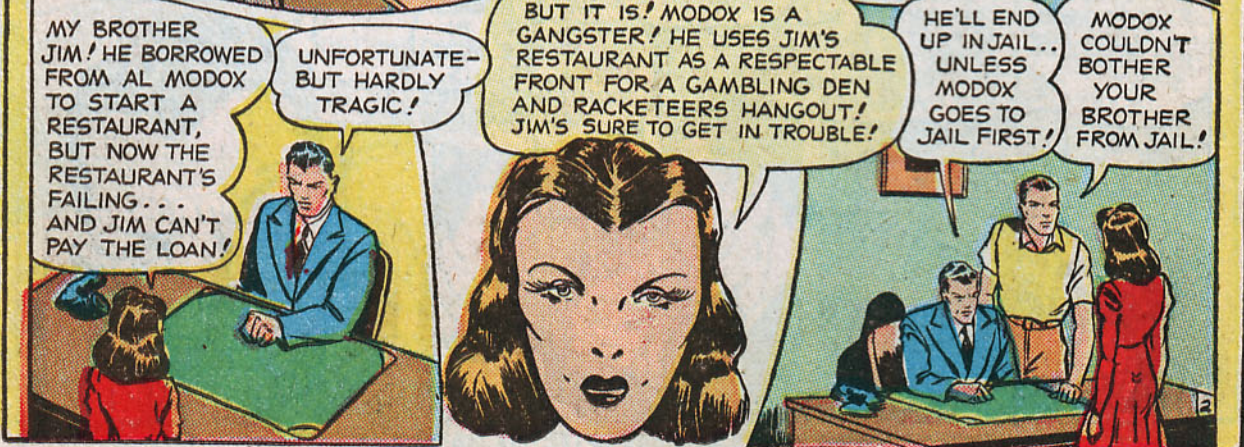
THE TARGETEERS LAUNCH THE NEW PROJECT WITH TYPICAL ENERGY!

MISS TINA LARGO, EH? QUALIFICATIONS SOUND O.K. - IF YOUR NERVES ARE STRONG!

OH, YES, MR. REED!

BUT THERE ARE SOME TROUBLES EVEN THE TARGETEERS CAN'T FIX!

NAME ONE!



MY BROTHER JIM! HE BORROWED FROM AL MODOX TO START A RESTAURANT, BUT NOW THE RESTAURANT'S FAILING . . . AND JIM CAN'T PAY THE LOAN!

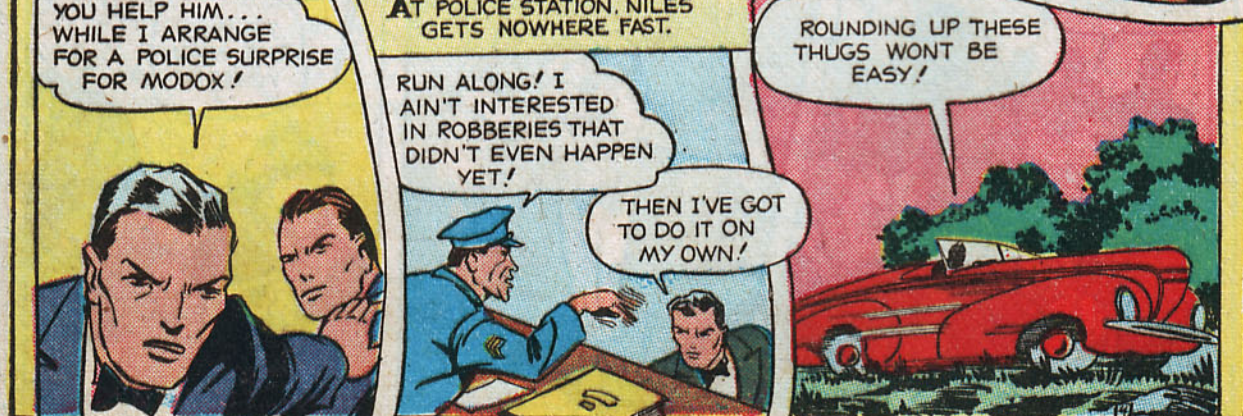
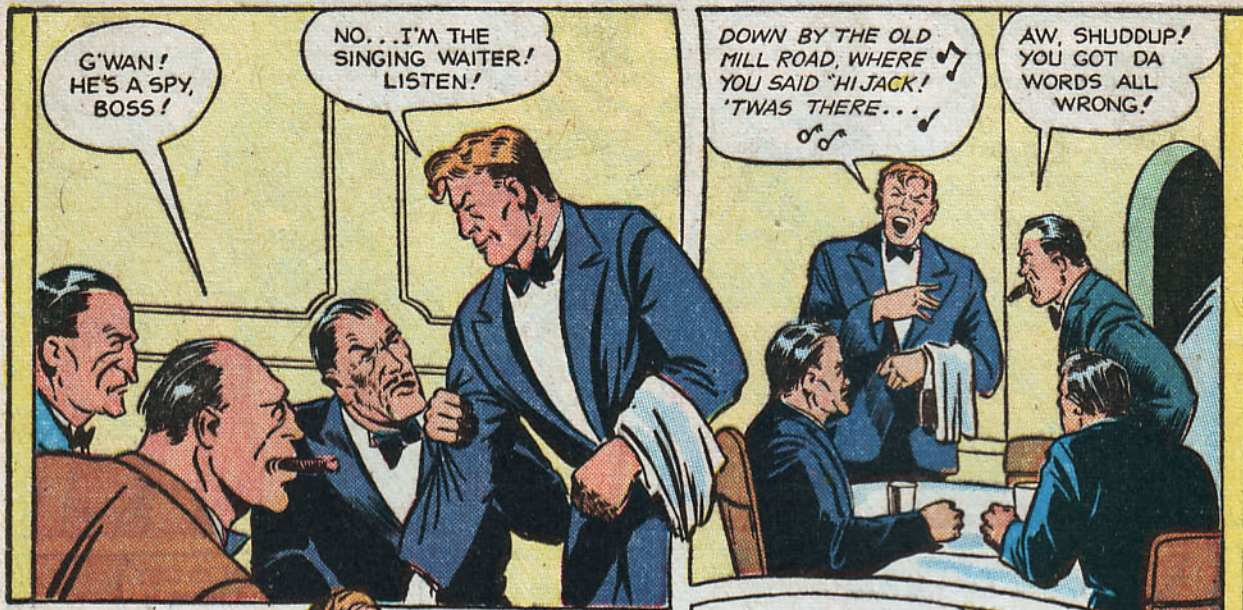
UNFORTUNATE- BUT HARDLY TRAGIC!

BUT IT IS! MODOX IS A GANGSTER! HE USES JIM'S RESTAURANT AS A RESPECTABLE FRONT FOR A GAMBLING DEN AND RACKETEERS HANGOUT! JIM'S SURE TO GET IN TROUBLE!

HE'LL END UP IN JAIL.. UNLESS MODOX GOES TO JAIL FIRST!

MODOX COULDN'T BOTHER YOUR BROTHER FROM JAIL!





QUESTION No. 12. What song is Tom pretending to sing in the second picture?

SOON AT MILL ROAD...

THERE'S MODOX,
PUTTING THE
CARGO IN HIS
OWN TRUCK!

THAT DOES
IT GUYS!
GET GOIN'!

GET GOING, EH?
YOU WON'T GET
VERY FAR, CHUMS!

A NICE NEAT
JOB, BOYS! STEP
ON THE GAS,
DRIVER!

AWWK!
LOOK!

(OH-OH! MORE PLAY-
MATES THAN I'D
EXPECTED!) DON'T
GO AWAY, KIDDIES!
PAPA SPANK!

CRASH!

SCRAM,
PUNK!

A LOVELY
BREEZE FOR
THIS WARM
DAY!

NILES BATTLES
VALIANTLY AGAINST
OVERWHELMING
ODDS!

RUSH HIM...
ALL TOGETHER!
HE CAN'T TAKE
MUCH MORE!

SWISH

MEANWHILE, NOT FAR OFF...

THANKS FOR THE RESCUE, DAVE!
WHAT'S THE SCOOP?

MILL ROAD!
I'VE A HUNCH
NILES MAY
NEED US!

WOW!
YOUR HUNCH
WAS RIGHT!

HOLD ON,
NILES! WE'RE
COMING!

THIS IS YOUR
FAVORITE WAITER,
SIR! WHAT'LL
YOU HAVE?

OUR SPECIAL
FOR TODAY IS
HASH... AND WE'RE
GONNA SERVE
IT TO YOU!

OOOPS! SOMEBODY MUST HAVE
SLIPPED KNOCKOUT DROPS IN
YOUR COFFEE!

SOON...

WE'VE GOT A
TRUCKLOAD
OF EVIDENCE
ON YOU,
MADDOX!

YOU WON'T BE
PUTTING ANY
MORE PRESSURE
ON JIM LARGO!

I RUINED HIS
BUSINESS SO
HE'D HAVE TO
COOPERATE,
WHAT A
MISTAKE!

YOU CAN
THINK IT
OVER, CHUM,
FOR THE
NEXT TEN
YEARS!
NOBODY'LL
BOTHR
YOU!

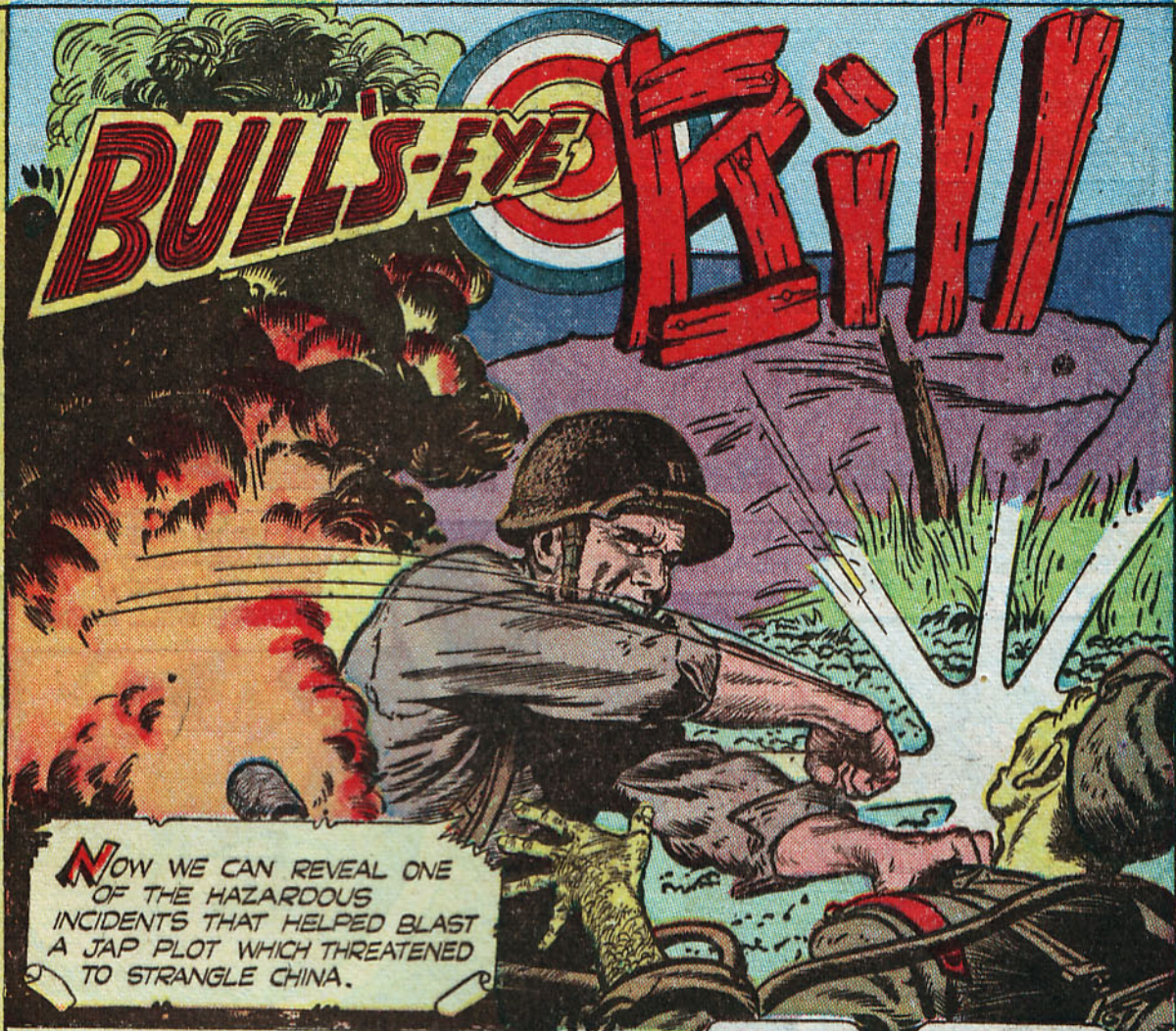
LATER...

HOW CAN
I EVER
REPAY
YOU?

THIS PUBLICITY
REPAYS US, TINA!
FROM NOW ON
WE'LL GET ALL
THE JOBS WE
CAN HANDLE!

HUMDINGER—THE LAST WORD IN
NEW COMIC ENJOYMENT

BULL'S-EYE KIWII



NOW WE CAN REVEAL ONE OF THE HAZARDOUS INCIDENTS THAT HELPED BLAST A JAP PLOT WHICH THREATENED TO STRANGLE CHINA.

CAPTAIN BILL TARGET AND HIS MEN PATROL THE NEW LEDO-BURMA ROAD, ONLY LAND SUPPLY ROUTE TO CHINA

THE ENGINEERS DID A SWELL JOB IN HACKING OUT THIS ROAD THROUGH JUNGLE!

WONDER WHAT'S HOLDING UP THESE IMPORTANT SUPPLIES?

YES, BUT LOOK AT THE TRAFFIC JAM AHEAD!



NO ONE'S ALLOWED UP AHEAD! THE SWAMP'S RISING FAST-- LIKELY TO FLOOD OVER THE ROAD!

BUT THAT'LL CUT THE CHINESE WAR EFFORT IN HALF-- THESE SUPPLIES **MUST** GET THROUGH!



IT'LL TAKE MONTHS TO BUILD A BRIDGE ACROSS THE SWAMP, BUT THERE'S NO OTHER SOLUTION, IF IT RISES FARTHER!

FUNNY—THE SWAMP'S LEVEL HAS NEVER CHANGED BEFORE!

I'LL TAKE MY PATROL UP THE STREAM THAT FEEDS THE SWAMP! THIS SHOULD BE INVESTIGATED!

GO AHEAD! WE'RE LICKED DOWN HERE!

THIS USED TO BE A SMALL STREAM--NOW IT'S A RIVER!

WHERE ARE THE HEADWATERS, BILL?

FAR UP IN THE MOUNTAINS--AND WE'LL HAVE TO HURRY! THE RIVER'S STILL RISING!



HOURS OF HARD UP HILL RIDING BRING THEM ABOVE THE TIMBERLINE--

GOSH! THE SOURCE CAN'T BE MUCH FURTHER, YET THE RIVER'S STILL GETTING BIGGER INSTEAD OF SMALLER!

MIGHTY QUEER! KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN!

A HUGE GLACIER IS FEEDING THE STREAM!

LOOK AT THE BASE!

YANKEE ROAD MUST DISAPPEAR SOON! FLAME THROWER MELTS GLACIER FAST!



GOLLY! THEY'RE
MELTING
THE
GLACIER!

WE'VE NO TIME TO
GET REINFORCEMENTS.
THE ROAD'LL BE
SWAMPED BY THEM--
IT'S UP TO US TO
STOP 'EM NOW!

LOOKS BAD! THEY'VE
GOT A STRONG
ENCAMPMENT THERE!

HA! PUNY PATROL
WILL DISAPPEAR IN
MOMENT!

THEN,
LET'S GO!

TAT-TAT-TATTTT

OUTNUMBERED, AND SOON SURROUNDED, THE
GALLANT MEN FIGHT A HOPELESS BATTLE.

SURRENDER, OR WE KILL ALL!

GUESS WE'D
BETTER
SURRENDER.
WE HAVEN'T
A CHANCE
TO SAVE
THE ROAD!

MAYBE--!
WHEN YOU
WALK FORWARD,
I'LL TRY A
DASH THROUGH
THEIR LINES.

YOU SMART---KNOW IT
HOPELESS TO FIGHT US!

AIM!! ONE
TRIES TO
ESCAPE !!

TAKING THE JAPS BY SURPRISE,
BILL DASHES TO SAFETY.

MAD
YANKEE
ESCAPED!

OF MINOR
IMPORTANCE!
ROAD SOON
WILL BE GONE!
WE HAVE
WON THIS BATTLE!

THE JAPS FIGURE I'M STILL
RUNNING, BUT IF I CREEP AROUND,
AND HIT 'EM FROM THE
GLACIER, WHO KNOWS WHAT'LL
HAPPEN?

MAKING A WIDE
CIRCUIT TO AVOID THE
ENEMY, BILL CLIMBS
THE GLACIER!

NOW TO SEE WHAT I
CAN DO TO THIS OVER-
GROWN ICE CUBE.

THE NIPS ARE OVER THIS WAY--
BUT THEY WON'T BE FOR
LONG--AFTER I GIVE 'EM MY
SPECIAL RECIPE!

FIRST, I MAKE A FEW HOLES AT STRATEGIC
SPOTS--

THEN ADD A FEW
HAND GRENADES---

--AND WAIT FOR RESULTS!

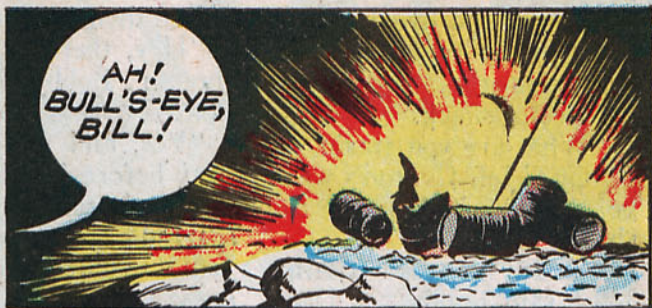
THE ENTIRE FACE OF THE GLACIER
FALLS ON THE FLAME-THROWING
JAPS!



THEY DON'T KNOW
WHAT HIT THEM!
AND IF I CAN
PUNCTURE THOSE
CANS OF FLAME-
THROWER FUEL,
THEY'LL THINK A
REGIMENT'S AFTER THEM!



AH!
BULL'S-EYE,
BILL!



DISASTER
STRIKES
FROM EVERY SIDE!
PLAN IS RUINED!

THE JAPS ARE RUNNING SO
FAST THEY FORGOT ABOUT
THEIR PRISONERS--

RUN! EARTH DEVILS
HAVE RISEN!
--RESENT
OUR BURNING GLACIER!



Later

NOT A LIVE JAP LEFT--
AND THE OTHERS
WON'T COME BACK
IN A HURRY!

NICE WORK,
CAPTAIN TARGET!



SUPPLIES ARE
ROLLING OVER THE
SWAMP AGAIN. THE
STREAM'S BACK
TO NORMAL SIZE!

I'M ALMOST
SORRY THAT JOB
ENDED SO FAST!
SURE WAS
DELIGHTFULLY
COOL UP ON THAT
GLACIER!



GOLD LURE

By WILLIAM CUTHBERT

BOBBY HEISLER could hear the hoof beats of horses as he stood in the doorway, and tried to see through the spaces between the trees that ringed the prospector shack.

"What are you starin' at, Bobby?" Jeff Clinton's weak voice asked from inside the shack.

"Hear horses comin', Jeff," said Bobby.

"Better get inside," advised Jeff, "it may be Pete Blane and Mike Tobin. If they get in, they'll murder both of us."

The boy's slender body shook with emotion. These were the two men whom Jeff suspected of ambushing him . . . if Jeff weren't recovering from being almost dead, he'd outshoot the both of them.

Bobby closed the door and bolted it, as he glimpsed the figures of two men coming through the narrow wooded path. He grabbed a twenty-two caliber rifle and took a station at the window.

Bobby raised the rifle to his shoulder. He had been handling the gun for five years now, ever since his father died leaving him an orphan, and Jeff had decided to take care of him. He liked the prospecting life that he had led with Jeff, and he knew he was going to like the ranch that Jeff was planning to buy with the gold he had dug out of the old mine . . .

The two badmen entered the clearing in front of the shack, and Bobby squeezed the trigger.

Pete Blane's hat, a bullet hole in the top, flew off his head, and the two men jerked their horses to a stop.

"Hey, there, be that you shootin', Bobby," called out Pete.

"Yes, and you better go 'way before I aim lower."

Pete forced a smile on his scarred face. "We heard Jeff was hurt, jest want to see if we can help 'im. Open the door, won't 'cha?"

Bobby squeezed the trigger again, knocking Mike Tobin's hat off his head.

The badmen held a brief confab, retrieved their hats, then turned and rode away.

"They're leavin', Jeff," shouted Bobby joyfully.

"Maybe so, but I'll bet my bag of gold that they'll come back after dark." Jeff was thoughtful for a minute, then he added, "Maybe I shouldn't have hid the gold when I was being ambushed. If they got it then, at least you'd be safe now."

Bobby took Jeff's revolver and placed it on the bunk. He said, "I've an idea, Jeff, I'm hurryin' to town."

It was ten miles to town, and Bobby took a short cut so he could get there ahead of the badmen. He went straight to the sheriff's office.

Sheriff Dobbins listened to Bobby's plan and smiled.

"Sounds all right, Bobby," said he, "I know those fellers are cut-throats, but ain't been able to pin anything on them. Go to it."

Bobby left the sheriff's office in time to see Pete going

into his real estate office, and Mike entering the saloon. Under the watchful eye of Sheriff Dobbins, he went first and talked to Pete. Then he called Mike out of the saloon and talked to him. Finally he mounted his pony and rode out of town.

A few minutes later, Sheriff Dobbins rode the same trail.

It had become dark, and Jeff lay restless wondering what had become of Bobby.

Suddenly, not too far away, the reports of two revolvers fired within a second of each other, broke the deadly silence. Had the badmen caught up with Bobby?

Minutes later, Jeff clutched his revolver, as he heard horses approaching . . . he tensed, then he heard Bobby's voice.

Bobby and the sheriff walked calmly into the shack.

"What were those shots?" Jeff wanted to know.

The sheriff smiled, "Just two badmen killin' each other."

As Jeff looked in wonderment, Bobby explained, "I went to Pete and told him that, if he promised not to kill me, I'd show him where your gold was, if he'd meet me in the clearin' inside the woods at eight o'clock. Then I told Mike the same thing. I knew they'd figure each was double-crossin' the other, if they met in the clearin'—and they did!"

Jeff's troubled mind became calm. He always knew Bobby was a smart boy.

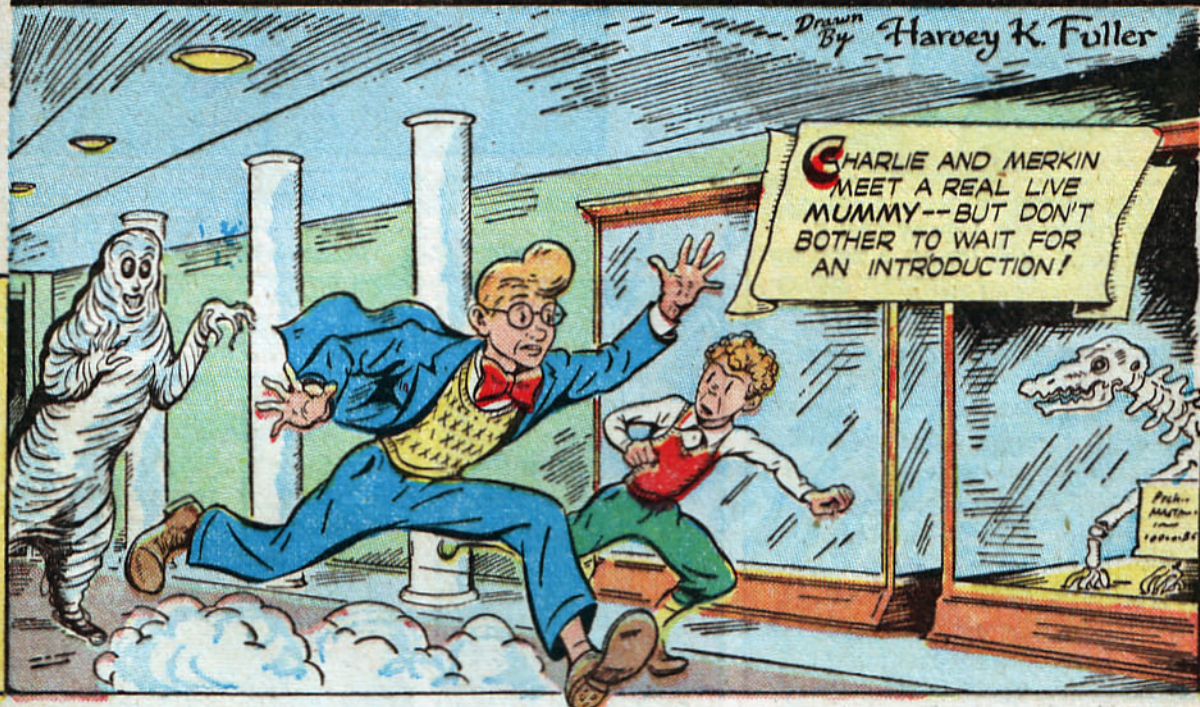
—The end—

CANDID



CHARLIE

Drawn By Harvey K. Fuller



AW, WOTCHA WANNA LOOKIT A RED PEBBLE FOR?

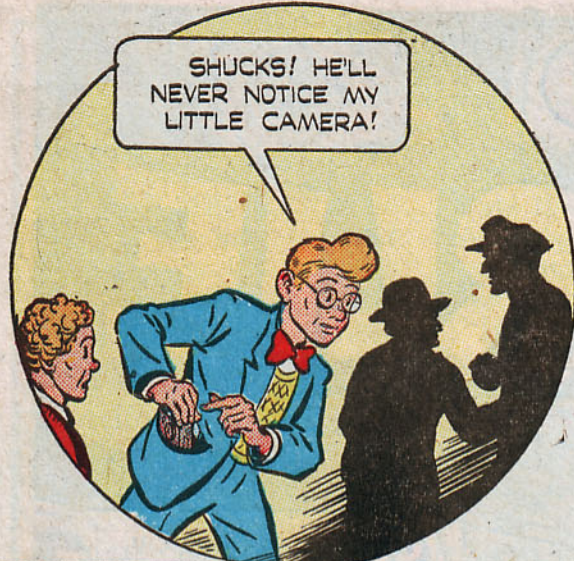
PEBBLE! WHY THE RAJAH RUBY IS PRICELESS! I MUST SNAP A PICTURE OF IT!

BELLOWDALE MUSEUM

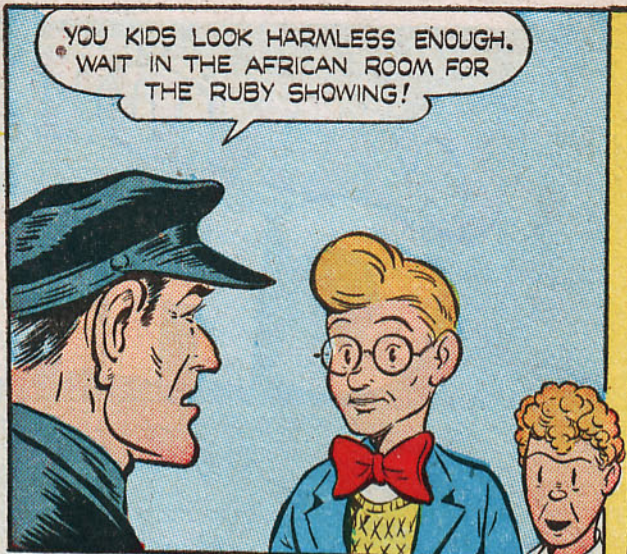
IXNAY, PAL! NO CAMERAS ALLOWED!

HUH! NO PITCHERS TODAY, CHARLIE!

FOR THE NEWEST AND BEST COMIC ENTERTAINMENT READ HUMDINGER



SHUCKS! HE'LL NEVER NOTICE MY LITTLE CAMERA!



YOU KIDS LOOK HARMLESS ENOUGH. WAIT IN THE AFRICAN ROOM FOR THE RUBY SHOWING!

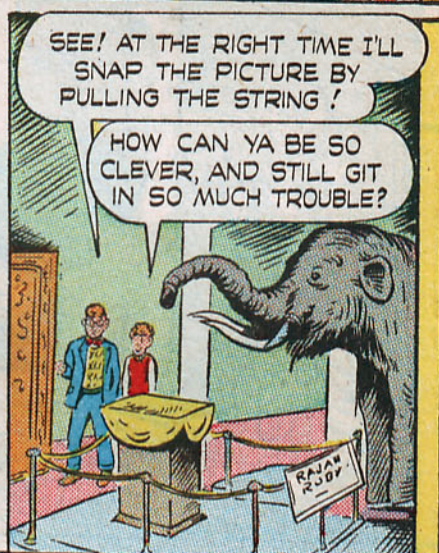


CHEE! I HOPE DEY DON'T THROW US IN THE HOOSEGOW!

HMMM...NOW HOW CAN I TAKE A PICTURE WITHOUT BEING CAUGHT?

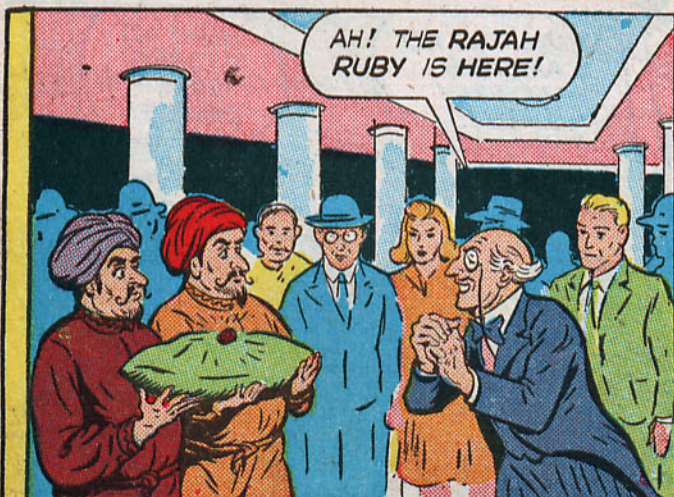


NOBODY WILL NOTICE MY CAMERA UP HERE!



SEE! AT THE RIGHT TIME I'LL SNAP THE PICTURE BY PULLING THE STRING!

HOW CAN YA BE SO CLEVER, AND STILL GIT IN SO MUCH TROUBLE?



AH! THE RAJAH RUBY IS HERE!

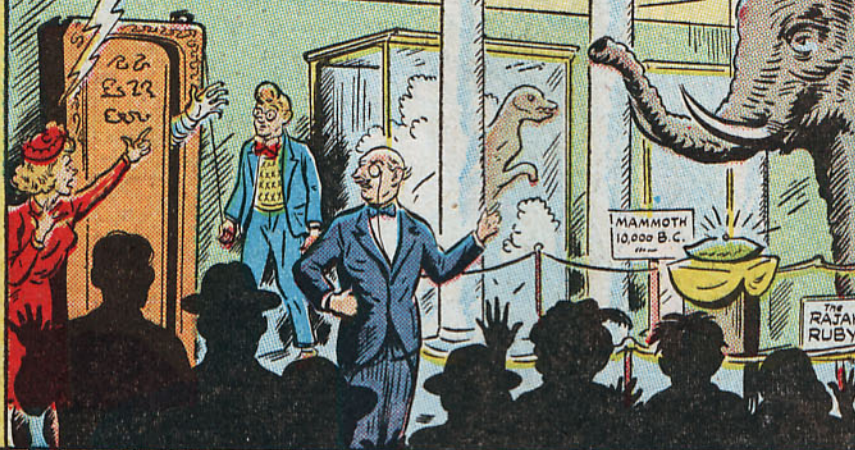
WE ALL KNOW THIS FABULOUS RUBY IS PRICELESS! THROUGHOUT ITS LONG HISTORY —

EEEEK!

AT 3 P.M. THE SWELTERING CROWD STIRS WITH EXCITEMENT AS THE MUSEUM DIRECTOR, JOHN BLUKE, RECIEVES THE RAJAH'S EMISSARIES.

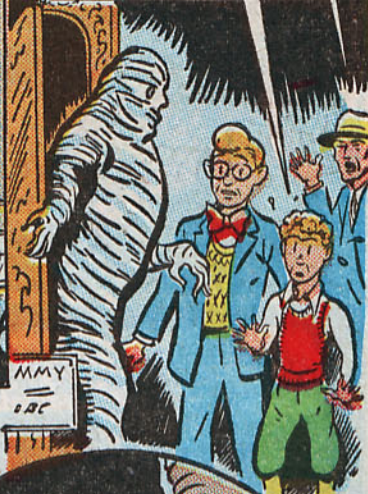


EEEK! HELP!
THE MUMMY CASE
IS OPENING!!!

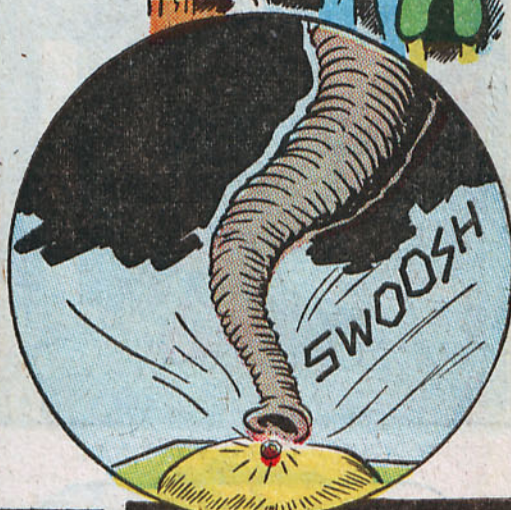
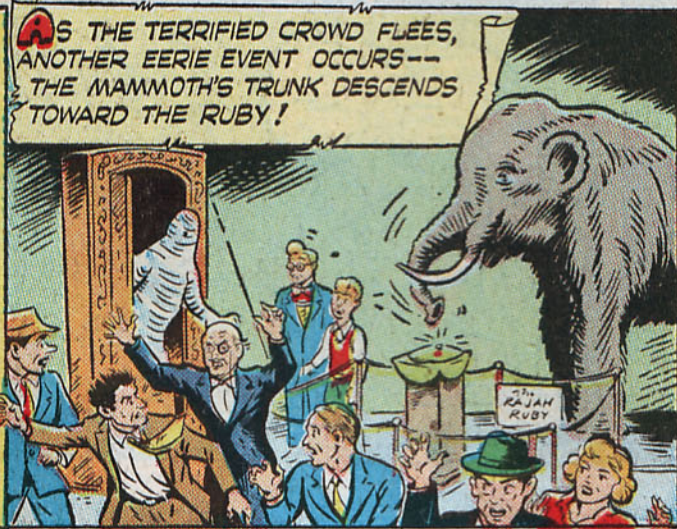


IT AIN'T HUMAN! IT'LL
KILL US ALL! **RUN!!**

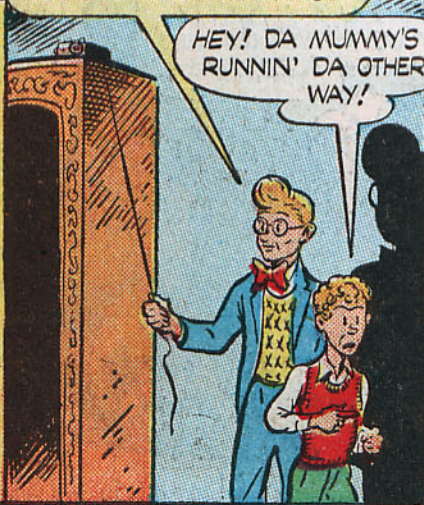
YIPE! DAT GUY
MUSTA BEEN IN
A BAD ACCIDENT!
LOOKA DEM BANDAGES!



AS THE TERRIFIED CROWD FLEES,
ANOTHER EERIE EVENT OCCURS--
THE MAMMOTH'S TRUNK DESCENDS
TOWARD THE RUBY!



GOSH, I PULLED THE STRING
WITHOUT EVEN THINKING!



HEY! DA MUMMY'S
RUNNIN' DA OTHER
WAY!

YEAH! HE MUST BE
SCARED OF LIVE PEOPLE!



COME! LET US
RETURN
TO THE RUBY!

ULP!
THE RUBY'S
GONE!

**GREAT
SCOTT!**



NOBODY LEAVES
WITHOUT BEING
SEARCHED!

SAY! THEY'LL FIND
YOUR CAMERA! YOU'LL
BE IN
TROUBLE!

ULP!
LET'S
HIDE!

AH! THIS IS A GOOD
PLACE FOR A CAMERA
FIEND TO HIDE! WE'LL
LIE LOW TILL THE MUSEUM
CLOSES IN AN HOUR OR
TWO!

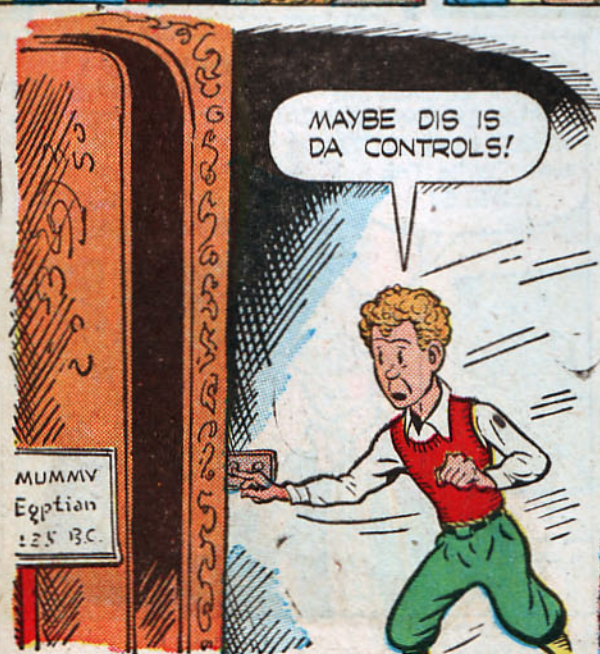
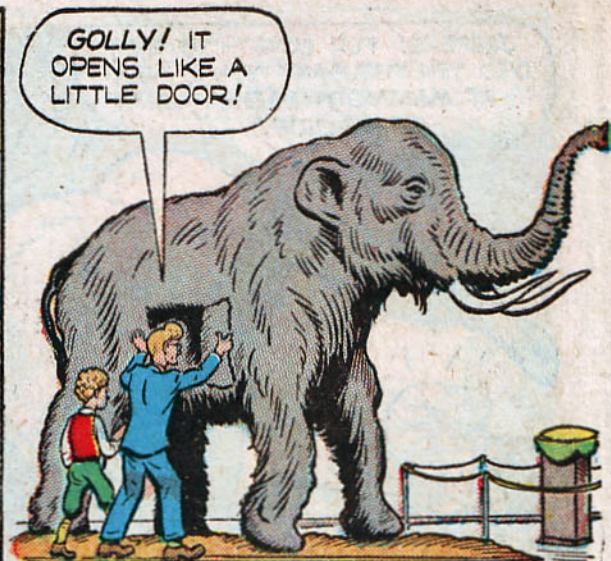
MEANWHILE I MIGHT AS
WELL DEVELOP THE PICTURE
I TOOK!

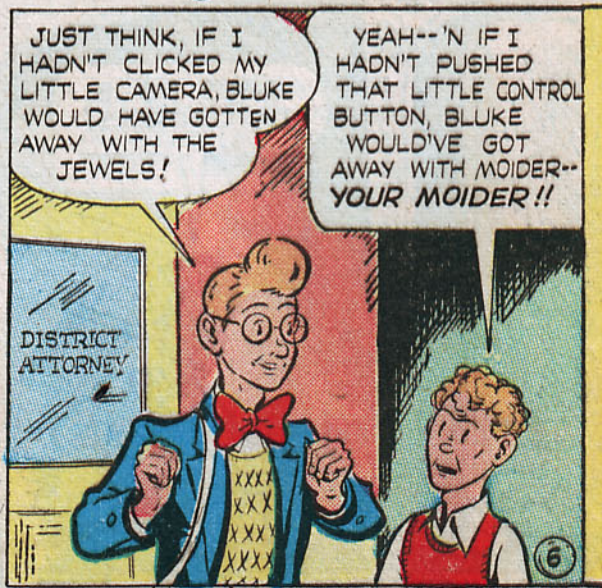
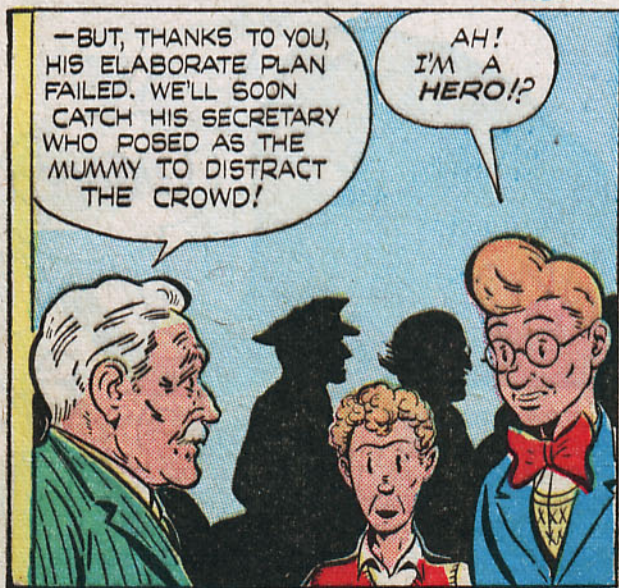
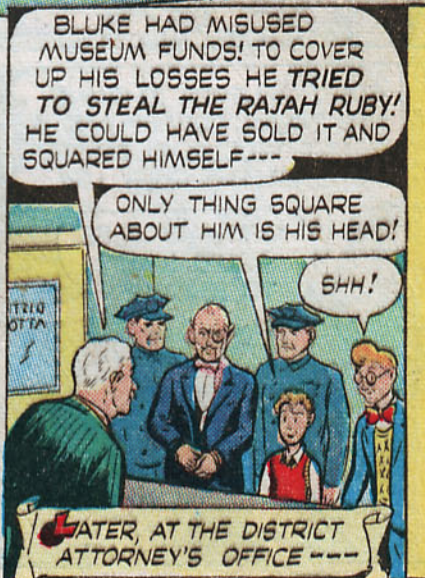
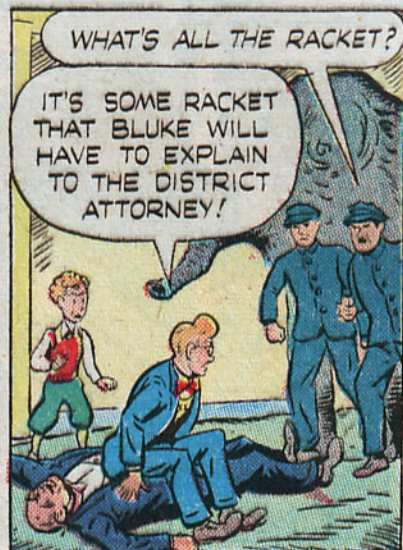
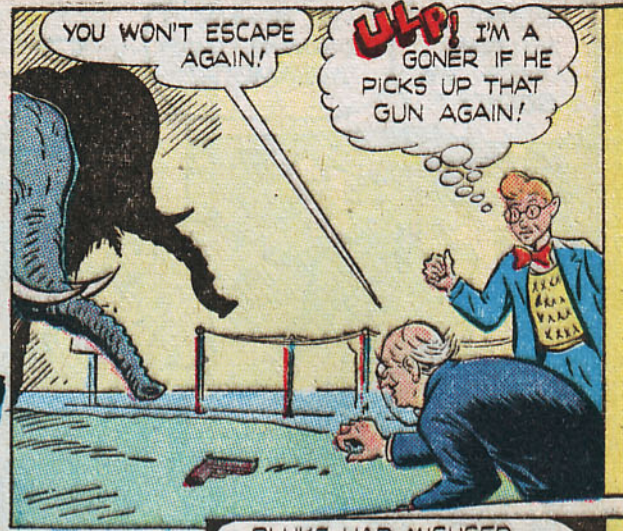
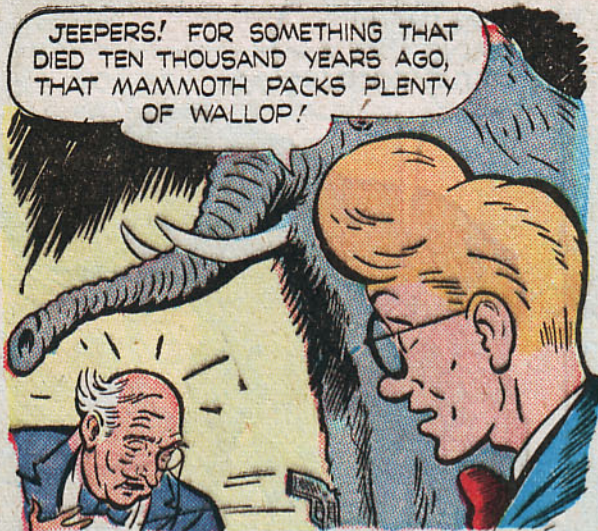
MY GOSH! THE RUBY'S ENTERING
THE MAMMOTH'S TRUNK!

THE RAJAH RUBY IS INSIDE
THE MAMMOTH--AND, YOU CAN
BET **SOMEBODY'S** GONNA
REMOVE IT!

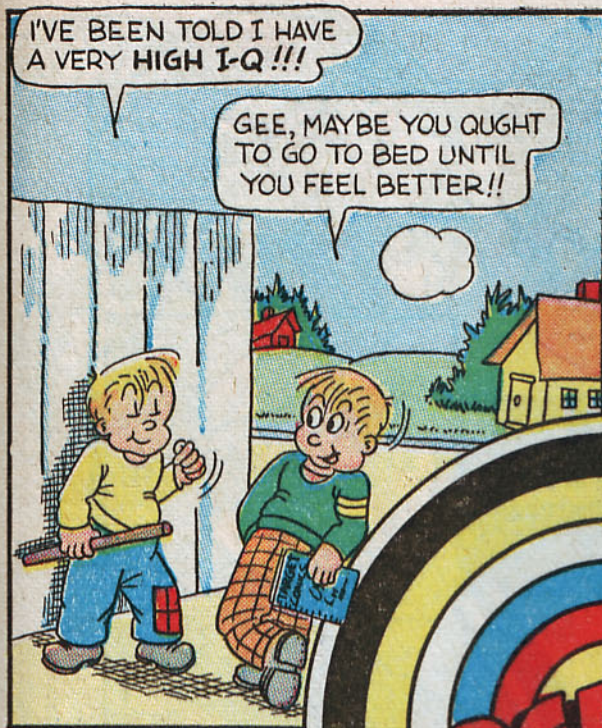
YA MEAN US?

YEP--WE GOTTA BEAT
THE CROOK TO IT--AND HE'S
OPERATING LIKE A PRETTY
TRICKY GUY! KEEP ON YOUR
TOES, MERKIN!





LIKE DETECTIVE THRILLERS?
READ YOUNG KING COLE



I'VE BEEN TOLD I HAVE
A VERY HIGH I-Q !!!

GEE, MAYBE YOU QUGHT
TO GO TO BED UNTIL
YOU FEEL BETTER!!

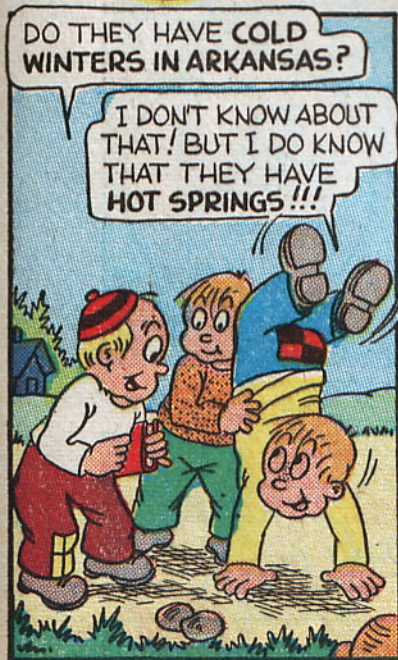


G'WAN, HOW KIN YER POP TELL
THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE A
YEAR WHERE TO GET OFF-
AT, HUH??

EASY, HE RUNS AN
ELEVATOR IN A
DEPARTMENT STORE!!

TARGETOONS

by
MILY HAMMER



DO THEY HAVE COLD
WINTERS IN ARKANSAS?

I DON'T KNOW ABOUT
THAT! BUT I DO KNOW
THAT THEY HAVE
HOT SPRINGS !!!



IF YOU HAD ALL TH' MONEY
IN TH' WORLD, WOT WOULD
YOU WANT MOST ??

AN ICE CREAM
CONE THAT WOULD
NEVER BE EMPTY!!



HUH-WOT D'YA MEAN, YER
NOT GOIN' TO TH' MOVIES
ANYMORE ??

'CAUSE IT SAYS HERE
THAT THEY'RE GOIN'
TO PUT TAX ON
ALL SEATS !!!

FOR THE NEWEST AND BEST COMIC
ENTERTAINMENT READ HUMDINGER

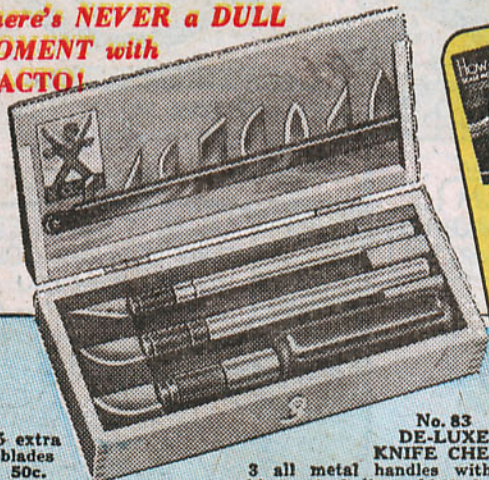


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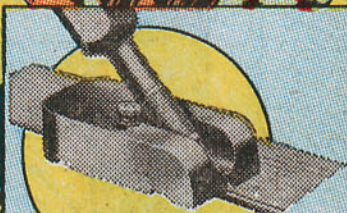


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Other Knives
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3 all metal handles with 20
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blade in wooden chest complete
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Stripper without
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up to 3/32", [] No. 83 Knife Chest, [] Whittler's
Handbook, [] How to Build Solid Scale Model War
Planes, [] Building Your First Flying Models.

Enclosed find \$.....to cover cost.
[] Send C. O. D. (I agree to pay postage and C. O. D.
charges). It is understood if I am not satisfied I may
return within 5 days and my money will be refunded.

NAME.....

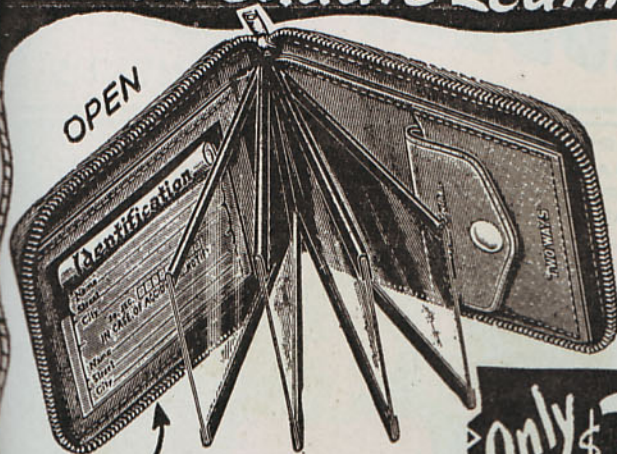
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Send No Money RUSH THIS COUPON

ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE Dept. 9154 A
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MY FULL NAME.....
(PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY)

ADDRESS.....

CITY..... **STATE**.....

☐ To save shipping charges I am enclosing in advance \$2.98 plus 20% Federal Excise tax (total \$3.58).

Please ship my Billfold order all post charges prepaid.

**BOYS!
MEN!**

PLASTIC COMPASS \$1.98

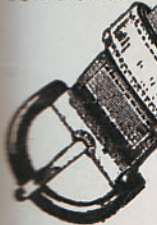
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AT OUR RISK**

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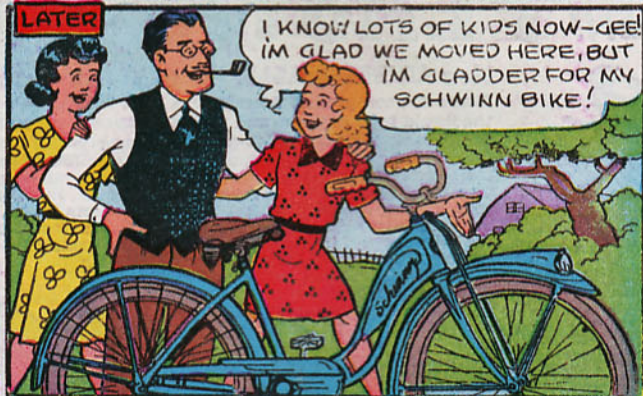
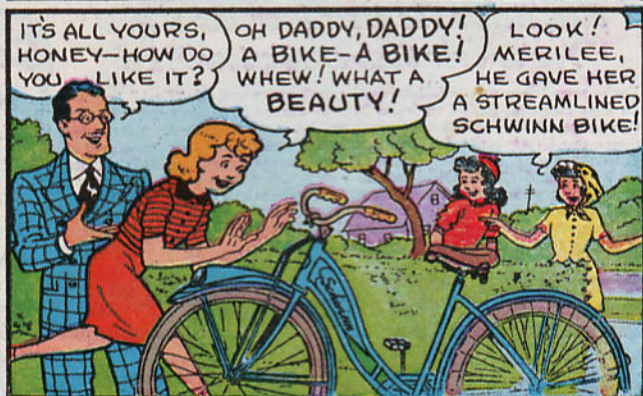
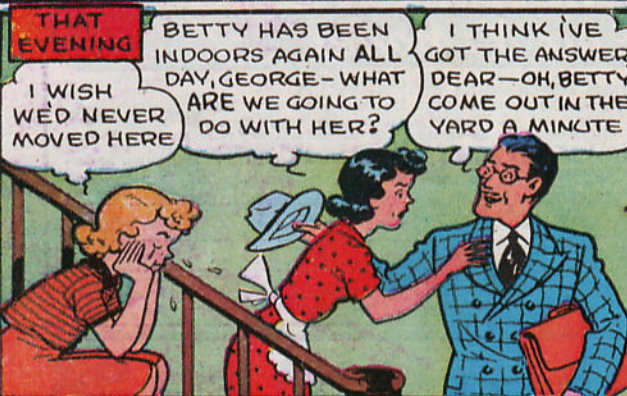
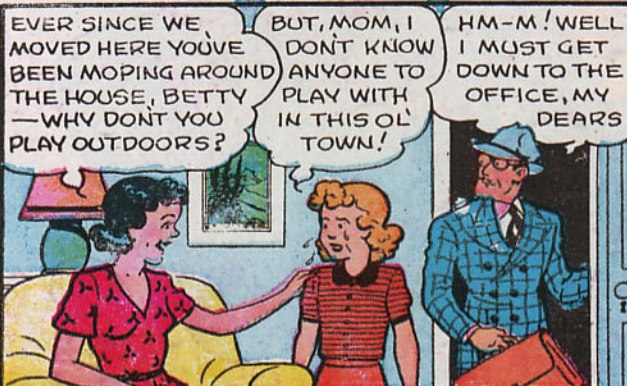
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